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POETRY

ON

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS,

WRITTEN UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF

TIMOTHY SPECTACLES.

BY WILLIAM C. FOSTER.

"Oft' from her careless hand the wand'ring Muse
"Scatters luxuriant sweets, which well might form
"A living wreath to deck the brow of Time."....

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SALEM, (N. Y.)
PRINTED BY *JOHN M. LOOKER*, FOR THE AUTHOR.

1805.

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"*POETRY ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS written under the signature of TIMOTHY SPECTACLES.*

BY WILLIAM C. FOSTER."

"Oft from her careless hand the wand'ring Muse
"Scatters luxuriant sweets, which well might form
"A living wreath to deck the brow of Time."

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ERRATA.

Page 3d, 2d line, for *Wolgo* read *Wolga.*
p. 4th, 6th l. from bottom, for *vield* read *yield.*
p. 10th, 8th l. from top, for *climb's* read *climbs.*
p. 18th, 5th l. from bottom, read "*And make* me *bless'd indeed.*"
p. 46th, 7th l. from top, for *shades* read *shores.*
p. 55th, 3d l. from top, read "*thus spake the swain.*"
p. 128, 2d l. from bottom, for *eudure* read *endure.*
p. 134, 4th l. from top, for *tyrant's* read *tyrants.*
ditto, 11th l. from bottom, for *tho* read *the.*
p. 135, 2d l. from bottom, for *sreams* read *streams.*

PREFACE.

AT a time when Poetry is scarcely read, and the Poet scarce receives a smile, even among the friends of literature, it is with diffidence I offer to the public a work which may receive the frowns of the classic, and the sarcastic censure of the critic.

AUTHORS in general have been trained up in the nursery of science, and many have had wealth enough to enable them to devote their time to its promotion: But from one who has never received the advantage of *education*, whose *University* has been a *work-shop*, and whose chief study a *mechanical art*, it cannot be expected that the beauties of an *Æniad*, the sublimity of *Milton*, or the beauties which graced the essays of *Pope* will appear.

To please *all* would be a triumph which no author has yet achieved: It is to the friends of genius and of talents I look far patronage, regardless of the censure of critics.

No bard so poor but yet could find a friend;.....
Fools laugh at fools, and wits with wits contend.

THE Rev. Mr. POMFRET, (a British poet) in the preface to his poems very justly observes:—"Some persons, perhaps, may wonder how things of this kind dare come into the world without the protection of some great name, as they call it, and a fulsome epistle dedicatory to *His Grace*, or *Right Honorable:* for if a poem struts out under *My Lord*'s patronage, the author imagines it is no less than *scandalum magnatum* to dislike it: especially if he thinks fit to tell the world that this same lord is a person of wit and understanding, a notable judge of poetry, and a very considerable poet himself. But if a poem have no intrinsic excellencies and real beauties, the greatest name in the world will never induce a man of sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's—the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of snuff into the poet's hand, and His Grace twenty guineas: For indeed there lies the strength of a great name, and the best protection an author can receive from it.

"To please every one, would be a new thing; and to write so as to please nobody, would be as new; for even *Quarles* and *Withers* have their admirers. The author is not so proud of fame as to desire it from the judicious many; nor of so mortified a temper, not to wish it from the discerning few. It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which esta-

blishes a valuable reputation: And if a *Rymer* or a *Congreve* say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the majority may be to the contrary." Thus, like this worthy Druid, I come forward with no *Augustus* or *Octavia* for my patron.....no *Quin* for my benefactor.

"POVERTY" (says Mr. Knox in his essays) "is the epidemic of poets." A very just observation; for where have we seen a poet arrayed in the robes of wealth?

"HOMER, poor and blind, resorted to the public places to recite his verses for a morsel of bread."

"THE facetious poet PLAUTUS gained a livelihood by assisting a miller."

"THE great TASSO was reduced to such a dilemma that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend, to subsist through the week. He alludes to his distress in a pretty sonnet which he addresses to his cat, entreating her to assist him during the night with the lustre of her eyes.....having no candle by which he could see to write his verses."

"DE RYER, a celebrated French poet, was constrained to labor with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obscure village. His bookseller bought his heroic verses for one hundred sols the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for fifty sols."

"DRYDEN, for less than three hundred pounds sold Tonson ten thousand verses."

"SAVAGE, in the pressing hour of distress, sold that eccentric poem, *The Wanderer*, which had occupied him for several years, for ten pounds."

"SAMUEL BOYCE, whose poem on Deity ranks high in the scale of poetical excellence, was absolutely famished to death; and was found dead in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, fastened by a skewer, with a pen in his hand."

MILTON, whose pen secured his immortality, walked not in the paths of splendor, but on the contrary, 'sold his immortal work for ten pounds, being too poor to undertake the printing of it on his own account.'

"OTWAY, a dramatic poet of the first class, is known to have perished with hunger."

"CHATTERTON, while he supplied a number of monthly magazines with their chief materials, found a 'penny tart a luxury!' and a luxury it was to him, who could not always get bread to his water.

GOLDSMITH and THOMPSON, the ornaments of the British name, were often reduced to the extremes of indigence; and BLOOMFIELD, the author of *Rural Tales*, &c. served an apprenticeship to the shoe-making business, and in obscure gar-

ret wrote that admired work *The Farmer's Boy.* Thus, since wealth and poetry owe no allegiance to each other, let me be content with the latter, and leave the former to those who have no other means of acquiring fame.

Whilst with the Muses' smiles I'm blest,
Sweet Poesy shall soothe my breast:
Wafted to bliss on fairy wings,
With extacy the Poet sings!

It may be truly said that poetry is in its fallen state: But what is the cause of its decline? Is it because the fire of genius which animated a Virgil glows not in the bosom of the modern poet, or that sufficient encouragement is not offered for its progression? It must be attributed to the latter; for he who would, at the present day, strive to live by literary pursuits, must starve in the attempt! and the poet may think himself handsomely recompensed if any at this *enlightened age* will condescend to read his poems. *O, Poesy!* what but the friendship of the Muses, and the pleasures of fancy, are the rewards of the bard?

What majesty of song, sweet Poesy,
From courted lit'rature is due to thee!
But what poor recompense attends the bard
Who finds in empty praise his lone reward!

Knowing that by factions the republics of the old world were overthrown, and that there are

men enough in all countries (without the aid of the poet) to kindle the fire of discord, I have omitted in this work many pieces which breathed too strong of the spirit of '98.—If those which I have selected should mar with the political sentiments of the reader, let him consider that all men have their own opinions, and if I have erred in this point, it is an error of the head and not of the heart: still open to conviction, I will retrace my steps whenever I am convinced of being in the wrong.—Youth is often swayed by passions, and this, perhaps, may be verified by some of my poems.

COURTING not the plaudits of the ignorant, but the smiles of the learned; it is to the patrons of poetry and the friends of literature this work is DEDICATED.....and if it merits their praise, I shall with gratitude accept the wreath, and in hope of which I present to them the fruits of my labor in the vineyard of Parnassus.

THE AUTHOR.

Waterford, (N. Y.) 1804.

POETRY

ON

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

INTRODUCTORY POEM.

NYMPHS *of the Nine*, with all your native fire,
Bend from your laurel'd seats—with zeal inspire
A bard untaught, a youth unskill'd in song,
To string the lyre with the tuneful throng;
Assist my feet Parnassus to ascend,
And all, ye Gods! my feeble steps attend.

But shall I deign to tread that sacred road
Which bards sublime with hallowed feet have trod?
Shall I presume (without a single claim)
To look for bays or ask for wreaths of fame?
Delusive dream!.....What can a bard expect,
In this late age, but frowns and cold neglect!
The modern poets are but modern slaves;
For them no laurel on Parnassus waves.....
Her grateful boughs the ancient pyres shade,
The lyre is hush'd, and all the Muses fled!
Immortal *Virgil*, whom the Nine inspir'd,
Whom ev'ry grace and ev'ry virtue fir'd,
Taught fields to smile, the loaded orchards shine,
And grateful clusters fill the circling vine:
He sung Mantua and her heroes' fame,
And Rome's proud walks resounded Virgil's name.
A *Homer*, *Ovid*, worthy of my lays,
Claim equal merit to the palm of praise:

A *Pindar*, too, who fill'd the varying page
With all the worth and foibles of his age.—
A *Milton*'s name shall grace my humble rhyme,
Who held high converse with the gods sublime;
Who from the summit of the fairy hill
View'd heaven around and pierc'd the depths of hell!
And thou, O *Thompson!* pleasure of my theme,
The Muse with rapture shall repeat thy name.
Pope, *Cowper*, *Dryden*, *Darwin* and *Voltaire*,
Claim equal worth, and equal merit share.—
Bards of less note have with the ease of rhyme
Rais'd 'living wreaths to deck the brows of time.'—
"But who can count the dew drops of the morn,
Or tell the rays which in a diamond burn?"
What theme for me, alas! is left unsung?
O! was my harp upon the willows hung,
I'd court no more the favors of the Nine,
Nor tune my reed among the barren pine:—
Among the pine a laurel oft is found,
And thistles oft the blushing rose surround:
Thus genius oft by poverty is check'd,
And on the shoals of mad despair is wreck'd!
Ah, this I know—what wits sometimes despise
Fools will commend.....*thus poetasters rise!*
And this I know—what Drury-Lane rejects
Some Grub-Street vender earnestly expects:
Thus, should the learned think my song too low,
With other trash to Grub-Street let it go.—

The praise of heroes have the welkin rung,
Each stream been hail'd, and ev'ry river sung.

The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube and the Thame,
The Po and Wolgo, all, their poets claim:
HUDSON alone, neglected, rolls along,
And scarce receives the tribute of a song.—
Luxuriant stream! whose waters feed the main,
Whose vales breathe odours, and whose hills yield grain,
For thee some bard shall wake the song of fame,
And sing the future glory of thy name.
The lofty mountains which unnumber'd rise,
Whose rocky summits climb into the skies,
May yet invite some abler poet's lays,
And thy fair banks become the theme of praise.

The Seasons.

"Four figures rising from the work appear.....
The various Seasons of the rolling year."

SPRING.

"Hear how the birds on ev'ry blooming spray
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing—
And warbling Philomel salutes the Spring?"
[POPE.

HAIL, pleasing *Spring!* thou infant season, hail!
At whose approach creation's taught to smile,
The feather'd tribes to sing in ev'ry vale,
The hardy peasant to resume his toil.
"All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair.....
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air."

The budding trees their leafy tresses wave,
And gentle zephyrs fan the glades along ;
The notes of linnets, warbling, fill the grove,
And tuneful robbins wake their morning song.
The roses bloom—the lillies deck the vale,
And breathe their odours in each passing gale.

Hear from the fields, the rural lays resound—
And vernal beauty smiles on all the hills !
With herbage gay each neighb'ring mount is crown'd,
And verdant willows shade the murm'ring rills.
Love smiles supreme ! the Muse with rapture sings,
"And all the ærial audience clap their wings !"

But what are zephyrs which float through the grove,
Ah, what the music of the feather'd choir.....
What vernal fields, unto the smiles of Love ?
Their beauty fades for her whom I adore.
SYLVIA ! for thee the myrtle wreath I raise ;
Birds sing thy charms.....the loving bard thy praise !

Come, Shepherdess, thy tender lambkins lead,
Thy shaggy flocks from wintry coverts bring
To frolic here, in flowery meadows feed,
And sportive taste the luxury of Spring !
To SYLVIA's charms the rose and lillies yield,
Or, purple vi'lets deck the vernal field.

Again the rustic guides the furrowing plough,
And to the earth commits the tender grain ;
The grass shoots forth, the fost'ring breezes blow,
And sportive lambkins frolic on the plain :

Watch them, ye shepherds, with parental care,
The useful flocks from savage slaughter spare.

The busy *bees* swarm from their hives abroad,
To blooming sprays, and o'er each flowery mead,
To suck the essence of each op'ning bud;
With tubes inserted, on its dainties feed.
On ev'ry heath the busy nations toil,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

To Sylvia's charms the bees their tribute pay,
The blushing roses and the vi'lets yield;
For her the lark and linnet mount the spray,
The pink and hawthorn blossom in the field!
Hail, lovely maid! who nature's beauty shares,
Hail, happy shepherd! partner of her cares!

And thou, O Hudson, hail!....the genial spring
Now ope's thy shore, and bids thy riv'lets flow,
Whilst on thy banks the humble muses sing,
And crowds of commerce fill the floods below.
Unrival'd scene! which greatly shews abroad
The gifts of nature, and the gifts of God!

SUMMER.

" But see the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove ;
Ye Gods ! and is there no relief for love?

— [POPE.

ATTEND, ye shepherds, and ye rural swains,
Again for you I tune my slender reed ;
For you, whose flocks spread o'er the verdant plains,
Gaze round the hills, or in the valleys feed.
And you, ye nymphs, who walk the pleasant grove'
TO watch your herds and sing your songs of love.

Each morn, awaken'd by the rural song,
I'll roam the meads, the lawns and flowery dales ;
I'll learn sweet music from the feather'd throng,
And tune my lyre to the listening vales.—
I'll roam the fields, to feel the morning breeze,
And balmy zephyrs from the fruitful trees.

The Spring is past, the morning dews have fled ;
The cheerful songsters sing on ev'ry spray ;
The sun, revolving from its orient bed,
Proclaims the dawning of a *Summer*'s day.
Struck by its rays, the cattle leave the glade,
And lowing, wander to the distant shade.

Shut in a bower from the heat of day,
The shepherd thus unto his SYLVIA spoke :
'From yonder cloud (round which the light'ning plays,
Whose bolts, resistless, rend the "knotted oak")
The cooling showers soon shall cheer the plain,
Invite our flocks unto the field again ;

Then with my SYLVIA Ill delighted stray,
And gather berries from the bushes round,
Whilst Philomela warbles from the spray,
Nature revives, and artless notes resound:
And when our flocks at evening seek their rest,
My shepherdes shall slumber at my breast.'

AUTUMN.

"Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove:.....
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?"
[POPE.

COME, SYLVIA, mistress of the rural throng,
Come, seek yon tent, and shun the early dews;
To *Ceres*, *Venus*, we'll devote our song,
And to our seat invite the wand'ring Muse.
How chang'd the scene!....the trees refuse us shade,
Their yellow leaves lie scatter'd o'er the glade.

The little warblers of the shady grove,
Who fill'd with music ev'ry blooming spray,
Who early wak'd their matin songs of love,
On airy pinions crow'd the southern way.
How chang'd the scene! no more the linnet sings,
With her sweet notes no more the valley rings!

Now o'er the lawn the cheerful rustic comes,
"Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf;"
At morning's dawn no more the mead he roams,
Or tends his herds upon the flow'ry heath.

The ripen'd fruits fall from their native boughs,
And nature round a sickly aspect shows.

The fields forsaken....see their verdure fade!
Touch'd by the frost, the tender herbs decay;
The hills refuse our little flocks their feed—
And shepherds shun no more the heat of day.
Sylvia alone retains her vernal charms,
And whilst she smiles no fear my breast alarms.

See how her cheeks still emulate the rose,
Her charms the blushes of the vernal grove!
On her fond smiles eternal rapture glows,
Her voice is sweetness, and her soul is love!
Who but a shepherd shall these charms enjoy?
Who, lovely *Sylvia*, but thy shepherd boy?

But soon those cheeks which vie the blooms of May,
Those ruby lips from whence persuasion flows,
Shall, like the lillies of the vale, decay,
And live no more the envy of the rose.
Believe the shepherd....'Nature will decay;'
"Time conquers all, and we must time obey."

WINTER.

" Huge uproar lords it wide.—The clouds, commix'd
With stars, swift gliding sweep along the sky.
All nature reels !" [THOMPSON.

NOW hear the northern blast howl round the shore,
The naked forests bending to its power :
The lark has fled, the linnet sings no more :
Frozen and dead is ev'ry fragrant flower !
Gardens and fields, behold, neglected lie,
The roses wither, and the vi'lets die !

O'er rural fields, where late the rustic trod,
Where sturdy peasants follow'd at the plough,
Where cheerful swains have turn'd the grassy sod,
The grain lies hid beneath the driven snow.
Creation slumbers ! Nature hangs her head !
The grass lies bury'd, and the herbage dead !

On yonder plain, where late the sturdy ox,
And cows, and sheep, fed of the verdant lawn,
What now is seen ? nought but the weary fox,
Rous'd by the huntsmen at the morning's dawn.
The leafless trees as deadly statues stand,
And icy winds howl o'er the frozen land.

Now o'er the earth the *snow* and *hail* descends,
With billowy clouds the skies are overcast ;
Beneath the storm the loaded willows bend,
And stately elms bow to the wint'ry blast.
In dreary haunts the screech-owl makes his moan,
And screaking signs upon their hinges groan.

The limpid streams which wash'd the flowery dale.
Of which so oft the thirsty steed has drank,
With murm'ring voice no more runs thro' the vale,
Nor chatt'ring birds build on its shrubby bank.
WINTER, *stern lord !* has shut the little rill,
And spread his mantle o'er the neighb'ring hill,

The tawney Indian, in his blanket roll'd,
Or wrapp'd in bear-skin, climb's the whiten'd hill ;
Tho meanly clad, he dauntless braves the cold,
The savage wolf, or fleeting bear to kill :
Then to his wigwam with his game retires,
To eat and smoke, and slumber by the fire.

The hapless pilgrim, who's compell'd to roam,
With trembling foot-steps tracks the morning frost,
Fronts the strong winds.....but views no neighb'ring home,
To shield his body from the wintry blast.
Whilst round the fire thousands pass the night
In social talk and innocent delight.

The hardy sailor, now upon the coast,
Climbs the cold shrouds, and grasps the frozen sheets,
Against the gale he still maintains his post,
Whilst thro' the ice the ship advent'rous beats ;
Till shoals, or rocks, the daring bark enslaves.....
She lies a wreck amid the dashing waves !

Ye sons of plenty, happy is your lot !
Yes....you can sooth the hapless orphan's cries :
With feeling heart, go search yon neighb'ring cot,
In which the widow and her children lie.....
Go, fill their board, their little cottage warm,
And save the wretched from the wint'ry storm.

SYLVIA AND THE ROSE.

'TWAS MAY—Phœbus amid the orient shade
Arose, and morning dews fell round the glade ;
The blooming trees majestic wav'd their boughs,
And blushing vi'lets heard the shepherd's vows :
On either side the blooms hung on each spray—
The opening lillies hail'd the god of day ;
The pink with beauty spread her purple breast
Unto the beams of morn luxuriant dress'd.—
From circling vines I heard the linnets sing ;
The zephyrs wafted all the sweets of Spring.—
As with my SYLVIA I walk'd through the grove,
And in sweet converse press'd her hand with love,
Sylvia, I said, behold that tender rose,
Which from its bosom shakes the early dews,
Its crimson'd leaves spread to the genial morn,
Receiving tribute from each vernal thorn ;
Thus to thy charms, fair shepherdess, each day
The rural swains their grateful homage pay !
There, lovely nymph, I all thy beauties see,
Which buds, which blooms, and lives alone for me !
I said.....eager to snatch the rose, I hi'd,
When lo !..IT DROOP'D, IT FADED, FELL AND DIED !

THE SEASONS OF LOVE.

" Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the Spring ;
Ye birds that, left by Summer, cease to sing ;
Ye trees that fade when Autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love ?"
[POPE.

THE shepherd of Carthenia's flocks
Roam'd thro the wintry grove,
The northern blast howl'd thro his locks,
And caught his tale of love :
On wings of grief 'twas borne on high,
And Angels, listening, dropp'd a sigh.

The blast which shook the stubborn oak
Brought no consoling tale ;
While thus, with feeling heart, he spoke
His sorrows to the vale :
(The rocky hills, o'erspread with snow,
Seem'd list'ning to his tale of woe).....

" I've seen those trees (now clad with snow)
Their vernal charms disclose :
I've seen sweet blossoms load each bough,
Nor dream'd of future woes.
I've heard the early linnets sing,
And nightingales salute the SPRING.

My shepherdess, my *Sylvia* fair,
Whose charms vi'd ev'ry spray,
Oft times has led her lambkins here,
And pass'd with me the day.
The linnets listen'd thro the grove
When e'er she wak'd her songs of love.

I've seen in SUMMER's sultry days,
The drooping lillies fade—
The tender fruit hang on the spray....
The cattle seek this shade :—
Our panting flocks, worn down with heat,
Have hither sought their cool retreat.

Here with my shepherdess I've walk'd,
And sat beneath these boughs ;
Of flocks, and herds, and love we've talk'd,
And heard each other's vows.
Not Summer's beams, which pierc'd the grove,
Was half so warm as Sylvia's love.

I've seen, in AUTUMN's fading reign,
The boughs their treasure yield :
I've seen our flocks spread o'er the plain,
Or roam the neighb'ring field....
The purple clusters oft I've broke
From circling vines which bound the oak.

Not berries which hung round the glade,
Nor fruits which bent each spray,
Was half so ripe as this fair maid
On that thrice happy day.—
No glooms obscur'd our evening sky ;
I thought my blissful harvest nigh !

How chang'd the scene ! now WINTER reigns,
Cold 'cicles load the boughs ;
Our flocks no longer shade the plains,
Nor hear my Sylvia's vows.

The wintry blast howls round my head ;
The nightingale and linnet's fled !

How chang'd the scene !....Ye shepherds, say,
Where hast my Sylvia gone !
Flocks, fields, nor groves no more look gay,
Since I am left alone !
Behold ! our flocks unguarded lie—
To seek my shepherdess I hie."

Thus DORIS spake....when, near the grove,
Stretch'd on the driven snow,
A corse, he spy'd his absent love,
Which fill'd his cup of woe !
Mov'd at the scene, he shriek'd, he sigh'd,
HE FELL, HE PERISH'D BY HER SIDE !

TO BEAUTY.

WHAT art thou, BEAUTY, but an empty show
To please, allure, and charm th' admiring beau?
A tender grace, whose depth is but a skin ;
A given veil to many faults within ?
Within thy frame a wicked heart may beat
With envy, falsehood, treach'ry and deceit.
When flutt'ring coxcombs view thy outward charms,
The trump of Venus quickly sounds to arms :
Fops soon parade on Folly's tower wall,
And beaus enamour'd greet thee at a ball.

The *Butterfly* who views her glittering frame
Scorns to behold the source from whence she came:
The beateous fair would also shew disgust
If they were told their frame was made of dust.
The fragrant *rose* unfolds her crimson'd bud,
And gives her odours to the fields abroad;
But soon it dies, its life is but a day.....
It buds, it blooms, and quickly fades away!
What art thou, Beauty, but a fleeting shade,
Which grief can spoil, or age, or sickness fade?
Tho' charms and graces doth thy brows entwine,
The proverbs teach, "*all is not gold that shines.*"
Delusive charm! 'twas in thy tempting guise
Satan appeared first in Paradise,
To lead our parents from the walks of grace,
And bring destruction on the human race!

The OLD MAID *and* LAP-DOG.

"*Not always thus, in humble garb array'd,*
I trod, with timid step, these spacious halls:
But time, that fleets along on restless wing,
Bears human happiness for e'er away:.....
So has it mine!" [DELLA CRUSCA.

AS DOLLY sat, one evening fair,
Reclining in her elbow chair,
Young CARLO in her lap,
Courtship and love rov'd in her brains—
She thought of her once slighted swains,
And ev'ry strange mishap.

These thoughts revolving in her breast,
She to her LAP-DOG thus express'd
The feelings of her mind :
" Dear CARLO ! oft in this same place
I've met young COLIN's fond embrace.....
To him I prov'd unkind.—

The next young DORIS wooing came ;
Ah ! why did I increase that flame
Which in his bosom glow'd !
With him the full coquette I play'd,
His virtuous, gen'rous heart betray'd,
Whilst favors he bestow'd !

A dozen swains in am'rous glee
Each day express'd their love for me.....
I view'd them with a frown !
Some had not bath'd in beauty's tide ;
Some were too poor ; thus I deny'd
My hand to ev'ry one.

I thought my roseate charms would gain
The favors of some high-bred swain,
With coffers richly stor'd :
Alas, *vain hope !* I now am left,
Of ev'ry charm and swain bereft ;
No longer am ador'd !

Not roses dipp'd in morning dews,
With all their odours, all their hues,
Could with my cheeks compare !
Nor Helena, of ancient fame,
When won by loving Paris' flame,
I'm sure was not so fair.

BEAUTY! *delusive charm*, farewel!
The belles no longer I excel,
Nor chaunt my songs of love:
Beauty, like roses, will not last;
Old age creeps on.....the wintry blast
Howls thro' the fading grove!

But one fond comfort soothes my breast;
No crying children mar my rest,
Nor wake my tender care.....
No sottish husband out at eve,
Round gambling boards, leaves me to grieve,
Or wakes at morn my fear.

But still I feel the touch of shame,
And still I hate that odious name
Of DOLLY, THE OLD MAID.
No beau on me now casts an eye;
COLIN and DORIS pass me by.....
Thus are my frowns repaid!

May ev'ry maid who knows my fate
Accept an offer, ere too late,
To join in Hymen's band."
Thus spake poor DOLLY, press'd with cares,
Whilst CARLO caught her falling tears,
And lick'd her trembling hand.

The BACHELOR *and* CAT.

" A mouse who trusts to one poor hole
Must be a mouse of half a soul." [POPE.

AS JOSEPH in his chair reclin'd,
A thousand whims pepp'd in his mind ;
He thought of wives, and such-like things,
(The source from whence all evil springs)
Of courtship, love, and God knows what,
Until his roving mind grew hot,
The flood of Fancy flown.

As he in contemplation sat,
Beside his fond domestic CAT,
Puss wav'd her tale, and rubb'd his shins,
While thus the Bachelor begins :
(All men will some companion find,
Of human or of brutal kind,
Their feelings to make known).....

"DEAR PUSS, when in my joyful prime,
With belles, coquettes I pass'd my time,
No cares, no fears my breast alarm'd—
I thought this world for me was form'd ;
That God would soon on me bestow
A little Paradise below,
And make blcss'd indeed.

When first to Cupid's court I went
I spy'd a handsome girl from KENT ;
I courted her, but all in vain ;
She look'd on me with cold disdain,

Because poor JOE behav'd too rude:
The next I met with was a prude,
A buxom lass from TWEED.

The next was SALL, of yonder green,
The swains declar'd her *Beauty's Queen*....
I thought her such, her heart was mine;
But her I left for *Catherine:*
But *Kate* soon found a better beau,
And frowning turn'd her back on JOE,
And left me in disgrace.

The last was DELIA.....*vile coquette!*
On her my mind, my heart was set;
Her eyes, like comets, darted fire,
Which wak'd in ev'ry breast desire;
But 'neath those charms deceit was veil'd,
Whose hellish darts my breast assail'd:....
I quit the female race!

Since then, dear Puss, it's been my lot
To dwell with thee in this lone cot,
To sing and drink by night and day,
And careless pass the time away,
And leave coquettes to foplings proud,
T' admiring beaus, or to the crowd,
Or, to the sons of mirth.

How joyous glides my fading life!
No screaming brats, no scolding wife;
No gossips with stentorian lungs;
No coquettes with their chatt'ring tongues;

No matrons grave, nor tempting miss,
Betrays, like Judas, with *a kiss*,
A soul of conscious worth!

Had I a wife 'twas void of sense,
She would destroy my hard earn'd pence
To follow down the slipp'ry tide
Of fusion, folly, envy, pride;
My all would scarcely find her clothes,
Beads, ribbands, laces, furbeloes,
Or make her gay enough:

Her parties she must surely have,
And Madam's company must crave;
And Madam must invite her friend
The female caucus to attend:
To pass the afternoon, or so,
And drink some tea with Mistress JOE,
And take a pinch of snuff.

Freed from such cares, *thou purring queen!*
How fair is the prospective scene;
How gently floats the barque of life;
No storms, no chilling blasts of strife:
No female voice disturbs the breeze,
Or lifts the rude, tempestuous seas,
To overwhelm my head!"

Thus spake poor JOSEPH to his CAT.....
With exultation swung his hat;
Then talk'd of wives, of maids, encore,
Whilst purring Puss march'd round the floor;

And when he'd quaff'dhis evening bowl,
With lifted tail Puss sought her hole....
The Bachelor his bed.

To a BLADDER *of* SNUFF.

SOUL-CHEERING dust! to ev'ry gossip dear,
Soon shalst thou burst thy bladdern walls, and spread
Around the town, and, mingling with the air,
In odours sweet, thy balmy fragrance shed:
Whilst each old maid,
Of men afraid,
And bach'lors, coy, approve....
Each scolding wife,
When sick of strife,
Shall to thy fountain rove.

Thou art the fond companion of the fair,
Whene'er the house wife sends her summons greeting,
Puts on her cap—invites the neighbors near:
And spreads her carpet for a gen'ral meeting;
Strange stories then,
About the men,
Go round in quick succession;
One talks of ghosts—
Another boasts
Her share of population.

Who knows but thou may'st yet the pocket grace
Of modest miss, or of some vain coquette ?
The wife of Mayor, perhaps, tho' clad in lace,
May spread her nostrils to thy fragrance yet.
The lilly'd nose
Thy beauty shows ;
The saffron'd lip, how pleasing !
Who knows thy worth,
But feels the mirth
And happiness of SNEEZING ?

The WASHING DAY.

THE sun had scarce shone o'er the mountain top,
The house-wife rose and call'd her servants up :
A breakfast scant was quickly hurried o'er,
To give the women freedom of the floor.
On no fair face was seen a morning smile—
From chests and draw'rs they dragg'd the dirty pile,
Which, thrown promiscuous, o'er the floor they lay ;
The decks were clear'd.....they said 'twas WASHING DAY.
The kettles fill'd upon the trammels hung,
And hostile clamor mov'd each female tongue :
One wore a gown with twenty rents, or more,
And one a petticoat with half a score :
Around their heads old handkerchiefs were ty'd,
Which for that day the turban's place supply'd.

The tubs and barrels were bro't in the door,
In which were thrown the treasures of the floor.
The *pounder* now announc'd the work begun;
The swine unfed, alarm'd, a squealing run,
Like LOTT and WIFE, who from *Gomorrah* fled,
When fire descending o'er old *Sodom* spread.
The frighted mastiff, with his tail unbent,
And snarling curs, unto the stable went,
To spend the day, secure from noise and strife,
Of washing maids, and cross contentious wife:
Domestic PUSS unto the cellar fled,
And took her seat upon a barrel's head,
Where she, in peace, *purr'd* out the dismal morn,
Like NOAH, waiting for the *Dove*'s return:
The rats and mice retreated from their holes,
And lay like crabs upon the muddy shoals:
Not e'en a fowl that day approach'd the door,
The women reign'd sole monarchs of the floor.

At one o'clock the children cry'd for bread,
Each got a piece, and from the mansion fled:
The husband came, and for his dinner call'd.....
"No victuals here.....begone!" the women bawl'd.
With hunger pinch'd the poor man went away,
He curs'd the women and their *washing day*.

Across the yard at three the line was strung,
On which the treasures of the tubs were hung:
Loud blew the winds; the flaxen cord was rent,
And in the mud the cleansed garments went!
Out ran the fair, with curses strew'd the way;

They swore no women had such luck as they.
Not Milton's devils e'er such faces shew'd
When forc'd from Heaven by the sword of God!
Forth from the dirt they gather'd in their laps
Shirts, gowns and towels, handkerchiefs and caps;
The tambour'd muslin and the flower'd shawl,
Which oft had shone at *theatre* and *ball*.
On went the water, and forth came the tubs;
In went the clothes a second time in suds:
Water and soap, commix'd, swam round the floor:
The man was call'd to do his business o'er:
As he came in, the broom-stick met his head—
He took the blows, but scarce a sentence said:
The scolding woman, with a woeful face,
To her *dear husband* soon made known her case:
(A woeful case, the poet must confess:
Women are like a vessel in distress—
Rais'd by each wave, with ev'ry breeze they sail,
The restless barks which drive to ev'ry gale!
Their wav'ring passions like the storms engage,
Men are the victims of their love or rage.)
Joseph (whose wrinkled phiz now well express'd
The kindled sorrows of his troubled breast)
Again to female orders condescends,
And o'er the yard again the line extends.
The sun was rolling far in western sky,
When they again hung out their clothes to dry:
But hunger's rage could not their business mar;
Nor stop the fury of the water war.

But now came on the *scrubbing* of the floors :—
Up went the windows, and ope stood the doors.
They forward march'd, with pails, tubs, suds and brooms,
And ope'd their batteries on surrounding rooms.
The wasp-nests fell, the cob-webs strew'd the way ;
Wasps, flies and spiders all expiring lay !
Crickets and bugs, in cellars, rooms and halls,
Now took th' alarm, and fill'd the broken walls.—
From garret top down to the cellar ground
One gen'ral deluge roll'd the house around !
Old *Noah's ark*, amid the ancient floods,
Was ne'er so beaten as this house with suds.....
Nor was the *George*, which sunk on Britain's shore,
So drench'd with water as this mansion floor.
The fowls ascended to their evening throne,
Ere these poor women had their business done !

MURPHY *and* SUSAN.

MURPHY and SUE, an aged pair,
Liv'd near a grove in Levanshire ;
Each day they'd smoke and drink their ale,
And listen to each other's tale.....
Past scenes recal to view.
An aged oak stood near their tent,
Where oft the noons of May were spent
In love and friendship true.

One May-day, seated 'neath the oak,
Thus *Murphy* to his *Susan* spoke—
The birds stood silent round :.....
" Dear Susan, view this mould'ring tree,
A picture of thyself and me :
No more it blooms, no more looks gay ;
See how its once strong limbs decay,
And strew the neighb'ring ground."

SUSAN.

Murphy, see'st thou those younger trees,
Whose blooms invite the wand'ring bees ?
Whose vernal boughs wave to the gale,
Wafting their odours through the vale ?
Like them we once look'd gay !
Hear'st thou the little songsters sing ?
Like them we once could hail the Spring—
But, '*Nature feels decay !*"

MURPHY.

The vernal blooms of various hues
Still sprinkled with the morning dews,
Shew but our tender youth.
Oft, when a boy, in harmless play
I've stole the blossoms from each spray ;
I've pluck'd the roses from each thorn,
My hat or bosom to adorn,
Proud of the simple wreath.

SUSAN.

I oft have roam'd the flow'ry heath,
Inhal'd the zephyr's balmy breath—
From bending boughs the blossoms broke,
And, careless sitting 'neath the oak,
Have dress'd my little DOLL:
Those flow'rs soon lost their charms and dy'd;
My little doll was thrown aside,
When Cupid gave a call.

MURPHY.

My wreaths, too, felt the blast of time:
For, soon advanc'd to blissful prime,
I quit my childish play—
Then wedded to my fav'rite SUE,
No cares but thine poor Murphy knew,
Except, when ties parental press'd,
I clasp'd our offspring to my breast,
And hail'd each happy day.

SUSAN.

But now our sons, to manhood grown,
Roam through a world to us unknown:
One dwells afar, one tills the plain,
And one advent'rous ploughs the main,
The storms of life to brave:—
One in the army lifts his shield,
(The pride and envy of the field)
His country's rights to save.

MURPHY.

TIME, fleeting on destructive wing,
Fades the sweet blossoms of the Spring—
The maid.....the blushing rose!
Thy cheeks, which once with maiden pride
The vi'lets and the lillies vied,
Have lost their charms!....the furrowing plough
Of time, lays all our graces low,
And ev'ry charm o'erthrows!

SUSAN.

Yes, Murphy; o'er our aged heads
The wintry hand of time now spreads
Her venerable snow!
Like this stern oak, we once look'd gay—
Now, like the same, we feel decay.
From infant joys, from early bloom,
'Tis but a stride unto the tomb,
The Seasons plainly shew!

MURPHY.

But, Susan, whilst we're here on earth
We'll spend our few short days in mirth."
(Thus spake the good old man)
Then Murphy, with his smiling spouse,
Went, hand in hand, unto the house,
Where, to dispel the floods of grief,
They took their pipes and smoak'd a whiff,
And push'd about the cann.

FASHION.

'Tis this " *that early taint the female soul,*
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll;
Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau." [POPE.

IN days of yore, our good old fathers say,
('Ere vice and fopp'ry had assum'd the sway)
That men by merit, virtue, and so forth,
Became respected, and arose to worth:
But mark the change! those halcyon days are o'er,
And man by merit is esteem'd no more!
At *Folly*'s portal *Fashion* takes her stand,
And *Vice* and *Ign'rance* walk forth hand in hand;
Pride spreads her gates and strews her way with flowers—
In walks the coquette through her fragrant bow'rs.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
The charms of *nature* are defac'd by *art*,
To please the eye and gratify the heart:
All that's required now, to gain applause,
Is—follow fashion and obey her laws;
At balls and parties bear an active sway,
Be beau at night and coxcomb all the day.
Each sex alike unto the idol bend,
And to her mandates each alike attend.

The *Peacock*, king of all the feather'd train,
On fowls less gay looks round with cool disdain,
He views his plumage, struts with many an air,
Of all the fair ones thinks himself most fair;

But of his feathers rob this haughty fowl,
He's no more beauty than a goose or owl!
Thus, strip the fair ones of their gay attire,
They've nought to charm us, nothing to admire.

The fair have charms, the bard will not deny;
But has not *nature* bless'd them with each grace?
If not, can *art* add lustre to the eye,
And spread her roseate charms on ev'ry face?
those charms will ne'er the shepherd's heart enslave,
Whilst *Emma* wears the smiles which nature gave!

Nor is vain man from fashion's foibles free;
The ruffled coxcomb and the fopling proud,
Unto the idol bend a suppliant knee,
And all, united, to her temple crowd.
Grant, O ye flocks! my Emma to prepare
Your whiten'd fleece for Corydon to wear!

To VIRTUE.

VIRTUE, where is thy home? and who thy friends?
Is it on man thy sacred cause depends?
Dwell'st thou in heaven, or on earth below?
Man, sunk in vices, has become thy foe!
Is there a mortal so benignly blest
He feels no guilt revolving in his breast?
Who on thy laurell'd couches can recline,
And conscious say, "O, Virtue! thou art mine?"
Can he who, glowing with a martial flame,
Burst o'er the tow'ring Alps in quest of fame,

Whose conq'ring banners, dy'd in blood, unfurl'd,
Bow'd neighb'ring realms, and rous'd th' astonish'd world ;
Bore his dread ensigns o'er the trembling wave.....
Usurp'd the rights a gallant nation gave ;
And, o'er the ruins of her ancient throne,
With looks imperious, claims the world his own,
Approach thy altars now, with hallowed feet ?
Or in thy sacred temple claim a seat ?
No !—the blood he's shed to his quick nerves shall bring
His crimes anew—an everlasting sting !
And can the sland'rer hold a single claim,
Whose venom,d breath has damn'd another's fame ?
Can he, who would deprive the poor of bread,
Or see the hapless orphan go unfed :—
Or he who would, with a seductive smile,
Or luring art, the thoughtless maid beguile,
Sit calmly 'neath thy consecrated dome,
And say, "for me thy flow'rets wave and bloom ?"
No !—their crimes must ever on their conscience dwell,
And guilt pursue them to her native hell !
Where, then, fair Virtue, is the bright abode ?
In Heav'n thou dwells't....thy hope, thy friend is God.

On FRIENDSHIP.

YE speak of FRIENDSHIP as a gift bestow'd
To ev'ry being by the hand of God ;
A natural flame which glows in ev'ry breast—
A common thing, alike by *all* possess'd.

Whilst *fortune* smiles, and plenty fills your board ;
Whilst copious draughts your cheering vaults afford ;
Whilst rosy health supports thy feeble frame :
Whilst credit lasts, and whilst exists your fame ;
Whilst you've a plenty, and whilst cash to spend,
So long you're known.....so long you have a friend.
But change the scene—let slipp'ry Fortune frown,
You stand forsaken, and, alas ! unknown ! !
Let wretched poverty and hunger press ;
Let want hang out the ensign of distress :
Let sore affliction sink thy trembling frame ;
Let cruel slander but destroy thy fame :
Let neighbors slight thee, and let *credit* fail !
Let sheriffs come, and creditors assail ;
Where then's thy friends ?....alas ! you search in vain.
Self-int'rest sways—unheeded you complain !
Alas ! how oft, in friendship's garb array'd,
Deception triumphs—hapless man's betray'd !
Pretended friends in ev'ry clime abound,
But *real* friends are "rare as comets" found.
Ye, who pretend the human heart to know,
Shew me a FRIEND, and I'll an ANGEL show!

The FORSAKEN FRIEND.

* * * * * HE stands alone!
No more caress'd, alas! no longer known!
By men contemn'd—they heedless pass him by;
Soothe not his grief, nor on him cast an eye!
His bosom heaves.....the tears of anguish flow,
And tortur'd feelings thus bespeak his woe:—
Farewell ye men by selfish motives sway'd,
Who've oft in troubles sought my friendly aid—
"Swarm'd in the sunshine of my happier days,"
'Enjoy'd my fortune, and partook my praise.'
But *Fortune* frowns....now want hangs round my cell:—
Ye also frown, and gainst me now rebel:—
Ye pass me by, with looks of sour disdain,
"And foes triumphant shew but half my pain!"
Ungrateful men! how oft this friendly hand
To your relief's been stretch'd at your command:
How oft, when midnight held her lonely reign,
I've sought you out to mitigate your pain!
E'en when affliction sunk thee near thy end,
I stood thy guardian, comforter and FRIEND!
What's the reward? ah, what the wretched spoil?
Contempt, disdain, alone repays my toil!
Oh, *sacred friendship!* still thy gen'rous flame
Expands my breast and warms my feeble frame.
But Oh! how oft vain man, unblush'd with shame,
Pollutes thy temple, prostitutes thy name!
Such are the wretches who, for gold, would sell
Their God, their country, and their souls to hell!

The DYING BEGGAR.

STRETCH'D 'neath the beachen shade the *beggar* lies.....
The son of penury unnotic'd dies!
Behold him sinking in the arms of death!—
Friendless, unknown, he yields his vital breath!
Friendlesss, I say—none but his *dog* stands near,
Who, howling, tells his sorrows to the air!
With tail unbent, *Fidella* mourns his loss,
Snuffs the wild blast, and licks the wretched corse!
Mis'ry! behold thy fatal triumph oer!
Thy terrors cease.....poor *Henry* is no more!!

Oft have I seen him roam from door to door,
A begging alms, with cruel hunger stung:
Trembling with age, he,d tell his sorrows o'er—
Grief fill'd his eyes, and gratitude his tongue.

One day I spy'd him by the high-way side,
Eating his scanty meal beneath an oak;
Mov'd at the scene, I went with gen'rous pride,
And thus unto the ragged stranger spoke:—

"*Ven'rable Sire!* by what misfortunes press'd
Art thou compell,d thus wretchedly to roam?
Unfold to me the sorrows of thy breast—
Whither thy country? and where is thy home?"

"O friend, forbear! rouse not my tortur'd breast:
My tale is sad, and my misfortunes great!
The adverse storms of life, alas! have press'd
Me down, and brought me to this wretched state!

I'm Carroll (a neighb'ring county) dwelt,
Joy smil'd around—I no disasters felt,
Until my son, desirous of applause,
Rush'd forth to battle in his country's cause.
He nobly fought.....he was the army's pride :—
But *Henry* perish'd at his chieftain's side !
Oh ! was this all, these tears would cease to flow,
And this pain'd bosom swell no more with woe !
My only daughter now is left to roam ;
Yes, poor *Eliza* seeks no more a home !
Seduc'd ! alas !.....she walks the lonely waste ;
Beats her young breast, and shrieks unto the blast !

In Friendship's garb Deception oft is found
Fiend-like to lurk, a gen'rous breast to wound :—
Yes, this I know.....but knew this truth too late—
Pretended friends have brought me to this state !"

Thus Henry spake.....grief in his eyes appear'd ;
And the loose drops stood trembling on his beard.

In peace let Henry sleep.....his journey's o'er ;
His sorrows cease—he lives to weep no more !
Altho no monumental structure's seen,
To consecrate his mem'ry on the green ;
Yet, o'er his manes the beachen boughs shall wave,
And rising verdure deck the beggar's grave !

The DYING SOLDIER.

THE clouds majestic wing'd their western way;
'Mid orient shades arose the god of day:
I roam'd the martial field, where dwelt the brave,
And o'er the rampart saw their banners wave.
As to the *reveillie* I list'ning stood,
(Whose matin strains thro' the encampment flow'd)
I heard a groan!.....I turn'd.....I pausd to hear
From whence it came; alas! I found 'twas near.
Beneath a tent, (where once the songs of war
Were heard, and shouts of triumph rung afar),
Stretch'd on a bed of straw, the vet'ran brave
Expiring lay, sunk in affliction's wave!
No sage illustrious, no chief renown'd;
No statesman, patriot, or lord stood round
The soldier's bed, to drop a friendly tear,
Or strew their laurels round his honor'd bier:
No—none but *Dick*, his comrade, friend and mate,
Who held his head, and wept poor *Alfred*'s fate.
The purple shades now o'er his visage rose;
His tortur'd breast with deep convulsions throes!
I heard him speak.....(his country still his pride)
"*How stands the Commonwealth?*" he dying cry'd!
A scene sublime! to see the vet'ran die,
And patriot virtue thus neglected lie!
He breath'd his last!—in *Richard*'s arms he dy'd:
The soldier spoke....." *There lies the army's pride!*
Oft, side by side, in battle's rage we've stood,
Ah! more than brothers, mingling blood with blood,
In one great cause.....our common country's good!

Twice pierc'd in battle, on the field he lay ;
As oft I bore him in my arms away :
Thrice on yon rampart he distinguish'd stood,
And seal'd its noble summit with his blood !
On mountains drear, when wintry storms arose,
His post maintain'd to watch his country's foes.
In storms and sieges I've his courage seen—
I've been his comrade, he my friend has been !
But now poor *Alfred* takes the field no more ;
His battles cease, *his last campaign is o'er !*
That brighten'd *musket*, which now useless stands,
Will never grace another *Alfred*'s hands ;
And that *canteen* must with his *knapsack* rest,
To cheer no more at eve his social breast ;
That *blanket* soft, which was his nightly shield,
With him must slumber in the martial field !
Beloved shade ! these grateful tears receive—
A soldier's tribute.....*all* I have to give !"

Thus *Richard* spake....then to the CAMP made known,
That *Alfred* had to GRAND HEAD-QUARTERS gone !

The western sky, now skirt with rising clouds,
Sees brave platoons advance in martial crowds
Unto the field where noble *Alfred* sleeps,
Around whose manes the hardy vet'rans weep :
The corse now plac'd upon the sable bier,
Is rais'd, bedew'd with many a friendly tear.
The strong battalions shade the sacred ground,
And solemn march to *Rosalin*'s mournful sound.
The dead committed to the silent grave,
They strew their laurels o'er the slumb'ring brave :

Their guns discharg'd.....they to the camp return,
And the green sod is Alfred's only urn!

The HERMIT.

BENEATH a rocky mount's majestic brow,
Where sturdy oaks upheld the morning clouds,
And stately elms o'erlook'd the flowery vale,
The man of solemn contemplation dwel't!
Far from the troubles of a hapless world,
In broils bewilder'd, as in vices lost;
Far from the ken of false, deceiving man,
(Whose thousand crimes have stain'd th' historic page)
HE FOUND A HOME!....no works of art were there,
No sculptur'd walls his lonely cot adorn'd—
Nature's Great Architect, amid the rocks,
Had form'd his cell, around whose rural dome
The verdant hemlocks wav'd and circling ivys twin'd.
Oft when the nightly glooms the forest shrouded o'er,
From the huge antlers of the mould'ring beach
The mournful screach owls made their midnight moans;
And ere the evening dews wept from the laurel boughs,
The tuneful robbins wak'd their matin songs!
The tyrant's threats no more his breast appal'd,
The monarch's frowns no more awak'd his fears,
For *he was monarch of the desert round!*

Before his cell the shaggy wolves would play,
And hungry bears would roam, nor offer harm
Unto the pond'ring lord!
Amid the vale a murm'ring riv'let flow'd,
From whose fair banks each day he cast his hook,
And caught the scaly wand'rers of the flood:
These, with the roots which round his mansion grew,
Compos'd his daily and his humble board,
Round which no false, deceiving friends appear'd,
No humble, fawning sycophants were seen,
Nor folly's sons, his solitude to mar;
None but his faithful DOG, *(the surest friend)*
Who wav'd in gratitude his tail, as he
Receiv'd the fallen bones.

His evening tribute to his God he paid,
Ere on his leafy couch he sought repose:
There no dread crimes his peaceful slumbers marr'd,
Nor duns of creditors his ears assail'd.

As meditating oft he sat, the scenes
Of early life (ere he a pilgrim to
The forest roam'd) arose in fancy'd sight,
And like a torrent on his mem'ry burst!
As oft he'd take a retrospective view,
His swelling breast a pensive sigh would heave,
Whilst tender tears roll'd down his furrow'd cheeks!
Hail, happy Solitude! (he'd oft exclaim,)
In thy retreat contentment holds her reign,
And quietude abounds!—Free'd from the world's
Vast cares, with joy I roam the dreary waste,
I hail the solitary glooms, and greet the dreary shades!

To a BOTTLE *of* RUM.

SOOTHER OF WOE ! will no kind bard descend
To stand thy guardian, or become thy friend ?
Is there not one, of all Parnassus' race,
To snatch thy name from scandal and disgrace ?
Yes, there is ONE, the meanest of the throng,
An exile bard, to trill th' adoring song :
Yes, there is ONE, to ope th' applauding rhyme,
And save thy glory from the waste of time !

Thou cheering friend ! ('gainst whom a host of foes,
By envy rous'd, with sland'rous breath oppose)
Still shalt thou live the pride of ev'ry world,
Till man's no more, and earth's in chaos hurl'd.
Let RUSH disclaim thee as *the bane of man*,
And warn our race the dang'rous cup to shun ;
Let him recount diseases wrought by thee.....
Thou sure have rais'd more drooping souls than he :
Let *Phill Freneau*, the herald of the Nine,
Display thy faults, and bid thy evils shine :
Let Sawney Buchan lift aloft his hand,
And moral teachers warn thee from the land ;
Let them exhort, their sophistry is vain—
Thy worth shall live, thy glory still remain !
They do not tell how mortals oft drop dead
At pumps, at wells, at brooks and fountain's head,
When Sol o'er earth pours down his scorching rays,
And sets our blood and bodies in a blaze—
'Twould hurt their cause, they therefore pass it by,
And say 'tis *Rum* occasions men to die !

Hail, *mighty Rum!* how oft I've seen thy foes,
(Who know thee not, as people do suppose—
Who've oft disclaim'd thee as the *bane of man*)
Steal from the crowd and quaff the flowing can!
E'en drain thy cup to wake the flame of bliss,
And, Judas-like, betray thee with a *kiss!*

The war-worn soldier, when by danger press'd,
Oft tips his can to nerve his feeble breast,
Which gives new life, fresh courage to oppose,
And oft the vict'ry o'er contending foes.
Thus, *mighty Rum!* whate'er thy faults may be,
One half our chieftains owe their fame to THEE!

To HOPE.

THOU cheering God!
Within my bosom fix thy fond abode,
Nor stray from thence, but there thy fair domain
In triumph hold, and there in triumph reign!

Whilst thou art mine, misfortune ne'er can tame,
Nor in my bosom quench that living flame
Which lifts my heart above the reach of woe,
And fires my soul with more than life to glow!

Wretched, alas! must that frail mortal be
Whose tortur'd breast is not inspir'd by thee:
Despair and sorrow mark his destin'd course;
This world a prison! and this life a curse!

O, pleasing Hope! my heart forever cheer,
And in my breast thy sacred ramparts rear!
Defend the same against th' assaults of woe,
And laugh defiance to th' invading foe!

The ROBBIN's RETURN.

NOW the Spring, with maiden beauty,
Ope's anew her smiling reign:
Shepherds, waken to your duty,
Watch your lambkins on the plain.
Welcome, songsters of the grove,
Warble there your songs of love.

Now from southern forests soaring,
Winging forth the northern way;
O'er the banks where Hudson's roaring
See the flocks united stray.
Welcome, all ye feather'd train,
Welcome to her banks again.

To this oak, which shades my dwelling,
Two, distinguish'd o'er the rest,
Came three seasons here a singing,
On its boughs they built their nest.
Welcome here, sweet birds, again,
Wake for me your matin strain.

Again the oak, her sprays extending,
Is for you with beauty dress'd,
And her sprays, in tribute bending,
Offer now to shield your nest.
Welcome to the oak again,
Wake for me your matin strain.

Oft the shepherd here with pleasure
Listen'd to their morning song;
On the grass he'd sit at leisure,
Whilst the little warbler's sung.
Welcome, welcome to these sprays,
Here again the shepherd strays.

To MIRA.

MIRA, say, what's love and honor?
What the smiles of early day,
When the venom'd breath of slander
Marks the maiden for its prey?
Then tortur'd innocence must moan,
And Vice usurp fair Virtue's throne!

Fame once gone is hard regaining:
Envy's ever on the wing:—
But, dear MIRA, cease complaining.....
Virtue shall contentment bring.
Thy breast shall shield the sacred flame,
Whilst love and Edwin have a name.

What is wealth.....ah! what is beauty,
To a just and virtuous name?
Then live, fair nymph! to ev'ry duty,
Snatch, O snatch the wreath of fame!
Grant, ye Gods! the myrtle bough
May ever deck my MIRA's brow.

See yon rose.....its beauty faded!
Left by Spring, its leaves decay:
See the maiden sink degraded,
By seduction led astray!
MIRA! spurn the impious knave
Who would by guile thy heart enslave.

Where virtue dwells love is protected,
Friendship there may find a home;
But the vicious, oft' neglected,
Are in exile left to roam.
Then, MIRA, wake to love's alarms.....
Shun the vile seducer's arms!

The MISERIES *of* WAR.

IN some dark age (e'er man his worth had known)
When vassals trembled at a despot's frown,
When kings and monarchs for dominion fought,
And at the price of blood their titles bought,
Wars took their rise, from which dire source arose
The curs'd *Pandora* of all human woes!

But in an age which ev'ry gift imparts,
Enrich'd with science, liberty and arts;
When regal glory dwindles to a name.....
When civic virtues claim the wreath of fame,
Shall savage customs proudly be pursu'd,
And *Christian* nations take delight in BLOOD?
A realm delight a sister realm to mar,
And each vain pretext plead excuse for WAR?
Oh! then no more usurp the christian name,
A veil for crimes which would barbarians shame.

See hostile myriads for the strife prepare,
To meet their kindred in the "ranks of war;"
Strong columns shade the wide embattled field,
To rise victorious, or inglorious yield:
The clarion sounds, the awful thunders play;
The ramparts proud their daring flags display,
And circling clouds obscure the fatal day.
Here lies a sire gorg'd with many a wound,
And at his side a bleeding son is found!
On either side expiring groans arise.....
There falls a chief, and there a husband dies!

No more the harvest trembles on the shore,
The widow'd town receives her trade no more:
The hamlet, once 'twas flourishing and gay,
Has des'late grown, to ruffians left a prey!
Poor widows weep, and hapless orphans mourn,
Maids wish in vain the soldier's glad return.

On distant shades the hapless HINDOO mourns,
For whom no morn of liberty returns:
He once 'twas gay, now rises but to weep,
Or roam the vales where his companions sleep!
Imperious Britain! mistress of the main!
Was it for conquest and extorted gain
Thy potent arm stretch'd o'er the orient waves,
And barter'd glory for the toil of slaves?
Taught HASTINGS* there the blood of realms to spill,
And plac'd the lives of millions at his will?
There, bath'd in gore, the royal sceptre's sway'd,
Whilst that dread spectre† haunts the midnight shade,
Whose noble blood flow'd on his native shore
In freedom's cause, resisting lawless pow'r!
Vindictive still, his awful sprite shall rise,
And call for vengeance from the list'ning skies!

* *The cruelties and murders of the British forces in India, under the control of Warren Hastings, are scarcely equalled in the history of nations. The destruction of millions of the human species, and the consequent misery of whole nations, give but a faint idea of the horrors which have been witnessed on the plains of Indostan.*

† *Tippoo Saib, slain by the British in* 1799. *The treasures of his palace, which were immense, became a prey to the conquerors.*

'Twas thine, O CATH'RINE! with imperial rage
To "blot the glories of so bright an age!"
For murder, ruin, send thy minions forth,
And quench the flame of freedom in the north!
From thee SUWARROW claim'd the hellish steel,
Beneath whose might the god-like patriot fell;
Infernal night! * when in one current flow'd
The warrior, wife, and tender infant's blood!
Stern vengeance frown'd, and meek-ey'd mercy fled,
Prague's turrets flam'd, and shrieking thousands bled.

On Danube's banks the servile hussar strays,
Content a slave, he dreams not better days!
He views the fields rough'd by the arts of war,
He counts his wounds, and glories in his scar.
To murm'ring streams the maniac sings her tale
Of woe, and crying, haunts the evening vale—
No longer gay.....no more the villa's boast,
Her cot destroy'd—ah! more.....her virtue lost!!

'Twas dawn of eve—faint rose the twilight shade,
I saw a wretched woman roam the glade;
Torn and dishevel'd was her flowing hair,
Her eyes distorted, swoln with wild despair;
Fear chill'd her soul.....she cry'd, "where shall I go?
Art thou Melissa's friend, or thou her foe?"
I calm'd her doubts.....the tears her bosom press'd,
And stood the trembling heralds of her breast:

* *November* 4, 1794, *when upwards of* 30,000 *Poles, men, women and children, were massacred by the Russian army.*

" Woman (I said) why roam'st thou here alone ?
Thy sorrow speak, thy tale to me make known."
She turn'd and pointed to the flaming town !
" O, stranger ! once in pleasure's paths I stray'd,
Hope beam'd around, and joy before me play'd :
My Frederick was kind.....tho small his store,
We had enough, and some to give the poor :
with him I spent the careless hours with glee,
For he was gen'rous, brave, humane and free !.
But oft serene the morning gilds the skies,
Yet, ere 'tis noon, the stormy clouds arise ;
Ere winter's frown the spring-born plants decay—
Thus fate decreed our pleasures for a day !
The foe advanc'd, victorious were their arms,
The neighb'ring villas sounded with alarms ;
His country call'd my husband from his home,
In her defence, and left me thus to roam :
Behold our cot in yonder ruins lain,—
This day in battle was my Fred'rick slain !
Oh !. whither shall our little offspring go,
Left to the mercy of the savage foe !
They who at morn would kiss their father's cheek
Shall now in vain that tender parent seek !
Methinks I hear them call—chill'd with alarm,
They view no mother with an outstretch'd arm,
(with care maternal) to avert the blow,
And save them from the fury of the foe !"
She ceas'd.....she hied towards a neighb'ring vale,
The gloomy thicket echoing to her tale,
Whilst shouts of vict'ry sounded from afar,
With all the tumult of th' embattled war !.

The DYING NEGRO.

I NOW will return to the vales of the East,
To my native shore, with my kindred to feast;
I'll travel the forests I once trod before,
And meet my companions on Afric's far shore:
My children no longer my absence shall mourn,
But the banquet enliven at Rakoo's return.

Oh! well I remember the ill-fated morn,
When I from my friends and my country was borne,
A pris'ner in fetters, across the wide wave,
Depriv'd of my freedom, condemn'd as a slave!
My fetters are breaking, Oh! why should I mourn?
My friends shall rejoice at poor Rakoo's return!

The blood from my limbs shall no longer descend,
Here my labors shall cease, and my sorrows shall end.
The yoke of my bondage lies deep in the earth,
Whilst freedom's endear'd by renewal of birth.
My bosom no longer indignant shall burn,
My father shall welcome poor Rakoo's return!

The Niger's kind waves from my bosom shall wash
The *brands* of my master, the *stripes* of his lash;
'Neath the shade of the tam'rind I'll seek my repose,
The parrots, delighted, shall prate on its boughs:
Dear Yana no longer my absence shall mourn,
But dance on the shore at poor Rakoo's return!

COLIN's COMPLAINT.

IN SUMMER the scene was inviting,
The fields and the meadows were gay:
The groves and the vales how delighting,
Where CHLOE so often did stray.
The prospect how chang'd! view the meadows
O'erspread with the new fallen snow;
In the vales see the elms and the willows,
The frost has encumber'd each bough!

How pleasing and mild were our slumbers,
When Philomel usher'd the morn—
The robin, how cheerful his numbers,
Who sung his sweet notes from the thorn.
O, HARMONY! lost are thy powers,
Since Philomel greets us no more:
How cheerless and dull are the hours,
Since music and SUMMER are o'er!

The roses bloom'd round the green bower,
The pinks and the lillies were gay;
The bees stole the sweets from the flowers,
And humm'd with their treasures away.
The roses no longer are blooming,
The lillies no more are alive;
No bees round the bowers a humming.....
But silence encircles the hive!

The breezes of morn teem'd with odours,
Refreshing the nymph and the swain;
Cool zephyrs breath'd through the young cedars
Which shaded *Azonadon*'s plain.

But odours no longer are are flowing ;
The cedars with WINTER are dress'd.....
No zephyrs for COLIN are blowing,
Ah ! nought but the cold northern blast !

Ye swains, in your cots now reclining,
Oh ! think of the seasons we've seen,
When the sun o'er the landscape was shining,
Inviting our flocks to the green.
No flocks now in gambols united,
Which once ate the sweets of the lawn.....
No herds round the wood-land delighted,
Since SUMMER and CHLOE are gone !

The RURAL BANQUET.

SCENE....*A Summer's Day.*

THE morn was fair....inviting was the scene,
Proud shone the hill tops, and the sky serene ;
When festive nymphs and rural swains were seen
Walking the groves or dancing on the green :
A lovely pair, beneath the oak's broad shade,
Which yearly strew'd its acorns o'er the glade,
Sat in sweet converse, whilst the linnet sung,
Joy flush'd each face, and rapture mov'd each tongue.
For riper bliss each tender bosom sigh'd.....
Thus HENRY spake, and CELIA thus reply'd :—

HENRY.

Nymph! should'st thou go unto the busy town,
And view the fickle fashions of the day,
Which in succession bear each other down,
(Where foplings strut and coxcombs bear the sway)
Feign would'st thou turn, and to this sylvan shade,
Make known the foibles which from vices rise,
Whilst harmless flocks, which frolic round the glade,
Would stand and read the story from thine eyes.

CELIA.

I could not go and leave this flow'ry vale
With verdure dress'd, which nature's beauties crown,
Forsake the lark of morn, the linnet's tale,
My HENRY, too, for foibles of the town;
No! tender swain!—delighted let me roam,
At morn the meads, at night beneath the trees.....
In happy solitude I'll find a home,
And, learning nature, quaff the fragrant breeze.

HENRY.

Inviting scene! since CELIA loves to stray
Amid the woodbine shades and in the grove,
With her I'll wander, or delighted stay,
And, viewing nature, taste the sweets of love!

See, o'er yon mead the little cow-boy goes,
Stranger to care! he drives his herd along;
With locks yet damp'ned by the early dews,
He joins in concert with the linnet's song.
Lo! peaceful flocks in gambols spend the morn,
Their shaggy bosoms heave with festive joy;

The hardy rustic whistles o'er the lawn,
And on the green grass plays the farmer's boy.

CELIA.

Welcome, ye vales, to love and friendship dear,
Where matchless beauty smiles on ev'ry side—
Where artless music greets the ravish'd ear.....
Leaves' weeping dews on trembling aspins ride.
Hear from the sprays which deck the side-way thorn,
With joy elate the tuneful robbin sings—
Rising majestic, cheers the blushing morn,
And claps with extacy his flutt'ring wings!

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

HENRY.

Lo! now the sun-beams pierce our lone retreat,
To which in droves the panting flocks repair;
From his stern brow the rustic wipes the sweat,
And silent larks on mid-boughs pant for air!
The barn-hatch'd swallows on their pinions rise—
With graceful pride float buoyant on the breeze,
And oft descending, catch the hungry flies
Which, unrelenting, on the farm-doy prey.

CELIA.

From western heav'ns now see the clouds arise,
Portentous, black, majestically grand!
The trembling lightnings play around the skies,
And cooling showers hover o'er the land.
The timid flocks unto their coverts flee,
Close, side by side, they crowd the onward way;

The rustic leaves the field, and may not we,
To shun the rain, to some lone bower stray?

HENRY.

Yon sylvan shade, which circling ivys twine,
Shall CELIA from th' impending tempest shield,
Until the sun-beams o'er the landscape shine,
And rural lays again delight the field.
Whilst in sweet converse 'neath the shade we lie,
Should my fair mistress doubt her HENRY's love,
Ye lightnings fierce proclaim it to the sky!
Tell it, ye thunders! to each list'ning grove!
Ye birds, at morn teach her the art to please,
And tell my sorrows to the passing breeze!

CELIA.

Cheer, doubtful swain! this is the seat of love;
The gods invoke not who're in council met.
What can the lightnings, what the thunders prove?
If aught, it is, that CELIA's constant yet!
Refreshing showers o'er the wood-lands pour.....
With shiv'ring wings the robbins bill their breasts;
The broken whirlwinds round the willows roar,
On whose loose boughs the *thrushes* guard their nests.

HENRY.

From opening clouds again the sun looks forth—
The circling rainbow binds the bright'ning skies;
On the green lawn the flocks renew their mirth:
Back to his fields the cheerful rustic hies!
Rise, lovely *Celia!* with thy *Henry* stray,
And gather roses from each weeping thorn,

Until the sun is lost in western day,
And rising shades announce the eve's return.

The spake the swain.....the fair one bow'd assent,
The flame of love still sparkling in her eyes:
Refresh'd with odours thro the groves they went,
And saw the pale moon mount the orient skies.
The village bell had rung.....the town was still,
And nought was heard except a murm'ring rill.

From the AUTHOR *to his* SISTER, *On her requesting him to forsake the Muses.*

UNKIND advice! must I forsake the muse,
Who scarce o'er me has shed her graceful dews;
Who never stole my purse, (God knows I'd none
To steal) or bruiz'd a limb, or brcke a bone?

The Nine ne'er harm'd me, and I hope ne'er will;
They never wrong'd me of a coat or shirt:
They've propp'd my footsteps up th' Aonian hill.....
Pegassus never flung me in the dirt!
Then why should I their proffer'd councils frown
Who may with bays, perhaps, my labors crown?
'Tis true they sometimes caus'd my sconce to reel,
My brains dispers'd, like flying squadrons reel;
But yet they ne'er have fail'd to bring them back
In solid columns to the good old track.

I'm not so vain as to expect to climb
The height of *Virgil*, *Homer*, or a *Pope*,

Or equal *Milton* in a strain sublime;
But yet, thank God, there's left a little hope!
Perhaps my song may meet with some eclat....
If not, at home I'll still maintain the brat!
But if too poor, I may the same disown,
And send the tatter'd bastard on the town!
Where, if well nurs'd, it may to notice grow,
And be permitted soon abroad to go.

DEAN SWIFT's *TEXT.*

"*And there was* lice *in all their borders.*"

DEAN SWIFT, (a cleric satyrist)
Once preach'd unto the sons of twist
In Dublin.—As the Dean arose,
The gospel myst'ries to disclose,
One of old Egypt's curses stray'd
Round his grey wig in grand parade,
(Thinking himself on holy ground,
As through the curls he twisted round).
The Dean now stoop'd to see his TEXT,
Or else, perhaps, what follow'd next,
When lo! by this disastrous nod
The l***e fell on the word of G*d!
The Dean, surpriz'd at his new guest,
Thus to himself these thoughts express'd:—
Deacon O'Neil, beneath my fist,
Who is a royal son of twist,

Shall hoard this wretch of ancient breed
Whilst on my subject I proceed.
So down old Pharoah's curse was sent,
And on the deacon's wig he went;
Where discontented with his station
He roam'd throughout the congregation;
And so well pleas'd with holy orders,
There (soon) *was lice in all their borders.*

On the Birth-Day of GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[WRITTEN FEBRUARY, 1799.]

LET Rome through ages build her pride and fame
On Brutus', Cassius', or a Cato's name;
Let Britain's bards instruct their festive lays
To sing a Sydney's or a Hampden's praise;
I claim a theme—a theme of equal worth,
And hail the day which gave our Hero birth!
Long shall Columbia, smiling, greet the morn
On which 'twas said "A WASHINGTON IS BORN!"

Let cringing slaves, who know no good of life,
The dupes of tyrants, and their tools of strife,
Approach the throne, a monarch's praise to sing,
Or join the *Te Deum* of "*God save the King!*"
What nobler joys pervade a freeman's breast,
Who hails alone the chief who makes him blest.
Auspicious day! which to Columbia gave
A WASHINGTON her injur'd rights to save!

The Muse with flowing rapture views once more
The aged *Cincinatus* of her shore
Holding the shield to guard our threaten'd land
From foreign foes and faction's ruthless hand:
He hears the thunders roaring from afar;
His wish is *peace*, although he fears not *war*:
He knows by wars our freedom would be lost.....
He knows its worth.....he knows how much it cost.

What glorious pæans should this day be sung,
What strains extatic move each patriot's tongue!
From Bunker's height to Cambden's crimson'd plain
Resounds his praises in a graceful strain:
Dread Monmouth smiles, Trenton and Princeton join
To shout his glory with the Brandywine!
Fam'd captur'd York now rears her warlike head,
And shows where many a valiant hero bled!

Not these alone....No, SIXTEEN STATES I see,
All hail the father of their liberty!
Chiefs fam'd for conquest in each clime abound,
"But rare as comets WASHINGTONS are found:"
He is our parent, he the full-orb'd star,
To guide the cab'net or the field of war.
Ambitious rulers, learn his art to sway,
And bless with *peace* Columbia's happy day.

On hearing of the death of Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MOURN, mourn Columbia! mourn your Chief,
Ah! mourn forevermore!
Tell to the world thy tale of grief—
Thy *WASHINGTON's no more!*

Our *father* and *protector*'s dead—
The statesman is no more!
A deadly gloom is round us spread,
And darkness veils our shore!

Ye stars, withdraw your feeble rays;
Ye rivers, cease to flow:
Ye bards, who often sung his praise,
Now join the strain of woe!

Ye nations drop a friendly tear,
And mourn Columbia's Chief;
Ye neighb'ring tribes, with hearts sincere,
Partake our load of grief!

He's gone! he's gone, to realms above,
To realms of pleasure, peace and love!

A PEEP *at the* WORLD.

[WRITTEN DEC. 1799.]

THE world's in an uproar, and strange things are acted.....
The nations at war and the peop'e distracted ;
Americans now tir'd of liberty's reign,
Are wishing a king to rule o'er them again,
With commissions and titles to keep up their pride,
And scratch at their leisure their sovereign's b—side.
Republics 'gainst republics to war rushing on,
Kings, priests and nobles all laugh at the fun,
And help the work forward already begun.
Mahometans, Heathens and Christians are join'd ;
Austrians, Russians & Britons in carnage combin'd,
All waging a war with the rights of mankind ;
Pope, Emp'rors and Princes resolv'd to restore,
And crosses and beads and false gods to adore ;
In short, to give tyrants command of the world,
Whilst *Man* from his glorious station is hurl'd.
Kings against Kings in battle array'd ;
Kings by their subjects no longer obey'd :—
The voice of St. Patrick is hear'd from the bogs,
"*Ere long I'll shelaly Old England's bull-dogs !*"

Now look into France, a comical sight,
Where Directors and Elders and Citizens fight ;
'Twixt Barras and Sieyes the contest appears,
And Talleyrand's got De la Croix by the ears :
There party 'gainst party are aiming the blow,
As in our country 'twixt Fed and Demo :

There liberty, equality, health and fraternity,
Down with all royalty, exclaims the community!

O'er the sands in the dark world, as people all say,
The oft killed hero is forcing his way;
And where the fierce Arab his army opposes,
He makes him a fort of the tomb-stone of Moses,
Where he plans and manœuvres so nice and so clever,
Fires over the grave of old Nebuchadnezzar—
Destroys beys and mamlukes with sansculottebrav'ry,
And frees the poor vassals from sorrow and slav'ry;
He forces his way through the desert and sand,
And his army encamps in a far distant land;
Near the gates of old Bab'lon they halt, d'ye see,
And the tower of Babel is Kleber's markee.
Though Bonaparte mourns now the loss of a friend*,
Yet woe and fresh troubles and dangers impend;
Though his crockodile lordship from Egypt is gone,
Yet Sydney's there hunting for Sampson's jaw-bone,
And the eaters of roast-beef, to relish their dish,
Are forc'd now to feast upon crocodile flesh.

There is war and rebellion in India again,
The rebels are fighting and Tippoo is slain;
There are troubles abroad, and troubles at home,
And nothing but trouble in this world is known!

But now from the East with joy turn your eyes,
And hail the fair clime which bids liberty rise;
Whose shores are enrich'd by the blessings of peace,
Though pride and oppression together increase.

* *Admiral* BRUYES.

We've an army and navy to feed and to pay,
And cockaded heroes to fear and obey,
But nothing against them we're suffer'd to say.
But why should we grumble and make such a jaw
'Bout *snarls*, *clues* and *gag-bills* and *alien law?*
When Congress, no doubt, have need of those things,
The Demo's declare they're oft used by kings.
The dread of invasion ne more haunts our sleep,
Our *Navy* triumphant now rides on the deep,
And our bold *Standing-Army* stands ready on shore
On the foe that invades us their thunders to pour!
Behold the young *Fed*, near cheak'd now with pride,
His cockade* high mounted, his sword by his side,
His little heart panting for war and for fame,
And cudgels the printer who mentions his name!
Beheld a base faction which long time have try'd
The schemes and intrigues of Great Britain to hide,
Whilst those of the French they exposed with pride.
The wonderful *tale of the tubs* is well known,
And the *taylor conspiracy* also, I own;
But the tale of the Budget† is something more new—
The demo's (like Goody) have here got a clue!
A wonderful tale Sir Robert relates
Abeut the Direct'ry and American States.....
How *Insurgente* she struck to the lord of Amboy,
And his little heart leap'd from his b******s with joy!

* A badge of modern federalism.

† The budget or packet of letters written by Sir Robert Liston, at Philadelphia, and directed to Mr. Russell, presiding officer in the government of Upper-Canada.

Now homeward my Muse is steering her way,
Where something still adds to the song of the day;
Where parties are fighting and scratching and biting,
And scribblers a writing, and all disuniting.
And shall I here notice that vile declaration*
Sent forth to the chief of our once happy nation,
That the heroes of Jersey (when invaded) would join
And safely convey to the enemy's line
The *deluded, degraded generation of swine?*
Here a Gen'ral† was lately admitted to bail,
And now struts in a parlor instead of a jail!
Where feds hail'd their chief and mov'd in procession,
Poor *Luther*‡ was fin'd for a jocose expression!
And many more things, which, if I had time,
As long as the Psalms might lengthen my rhyme:
But men who are poor, and have taxes to pay,
Whose troubles and debts are increasing each day,

---

* A declaration made by the Commander in Chief, the General Staff and Field Officers of the State of New-Jersey, to the President of the United States, in which they say:—"In New-Jersey, sir, with the exception of a few *degraded* and a few *deluded* characters, to whose persons and to whose services the invading foe shall be welcome from the moment of their arrival, and whom we engage to convey in safety to their lines: In New-Jersey, sir, there is but ONE VOICE, and that is the voice of confidence in the federal government....the voice of perfect satisfaction with your administration of it.

† Brigadier-General HILL, accused of murdering Mr. Uriah Albertson, on parade day, in New-Jersey.

‡ Mr. LUTHER BALDWIN, of Newark (N. J.) who was fined $150 (with costs to an equal amount) for wishing the rammer of a cannon in a certain Presidential part!

Whose wives are a scolding and children a bawling,
And constables, sheriffs, and debtors a hauling,
Have no time to scribble, but work night and day,
To keep clear of *limbo* and out of their way.
Adieu! brother scribblers, to each one adieu!
Timothy has something beside scribbling to do;
But what he has miss'd, in his comical route,
The Old Man of the Mountain* he trusts will help out.

* A humorous writer in New-Jersey.

The NEW YEAR.

FROM orient skies bright Phœbus rolls along,
And sounding lyres awake the morning song:
From ev'ry quarter hear the Muses sing,
Like birds enliven'd by the cheering spring:
And festive groupes with cheerful accents hear
Proclaim the dawning of another year.

Ere dawns the year the joyful sound of peace
Bids war and conquest and destruction cease,
The god of battle from the east remove,
And ope the way to harmony and love.
Lo! now from lands long drench'd with human gore,
Homeward in haste the war-worn legions pour,
And fleets and navies, bounding from the main,
Returning to their native shore again.....
As when of old the gods repell'd the flood,
The Dove return'd unto her fond abode.

The scar-seam'd vet'ran views the conflict o'er ;
The starving peasant hails the happy hour :
Commerce revives, and piracy despairs,
And arts and science in the triumph share :—
" United banners rise at length unfurl'd,
And wave triumphant round th' accordant world."

Lo ! thro' the storm which threaten'd Europe's bark,
Firm and unmov'd has stood Columbia's ark,
To which th' oppress'd of every clime have come,
To seek on Freedom's shore a happier home ;
Where hordes of spies haunt not the midnight hour,
Nor millions groan beneath despotic pow'r.
Most favor'd country ! what a glorious day
Shines on thy morning and illumes thy way !
In thy mild reign strict *Justice* lifts her hand,
And arts and science flourish through the land ;
Peace lifts her laurell'd head, *Industry* smiles,
And plenty crowns the hardy peasant's toils ;
Increase of numbers nerves the arm of state,
And Independence makes us truly great !
The reign of *faction* and *delusion*'s o'er,
And murm'ring discord now is heard no more ;
Union again her friendly arm extends,
And error's rage in reason's triumph ends.

January 1, 1802.

On reading the Definitive Treaty of Peace between Great-Britain and France.

AT last the slaughter of mankind is o'er,
Nations no longer bathe their steels in gore;
Standards no longer dy'd in blood appear,
Nor dying groans awake the friendly tear!

No more the peasant, chill'd with war's alarms,
Is forc'd from pleasures to the field in arms:
No more the fair ones o'er the mangled heap
For bleeding swains or slaughter'd husbands weep:
No more the orphan roams the lifeless plain,
Nor pinch'd with hunger mourns a father slain:
No more the RHINE is drench'd with floods of gore,
Nor down her banks the human torrents pour.....
Nor o'er that clime which gave the world a TELL,
Nor on that soil where BRUTUS lov'd to dwell,
No mighty victor leads the hostile van,
To stain their summits with the blood of MAN!
Nor flaming realms, nor ravag'd towns no more
Paint out the dread calamities of WAR;
But god-like PEACE again extends her smiles
To Gallia's shores and fair Britannia's isles,
Whose awful thunders late o'er empires hurl'd,
Bow'd neighb'ring realms and shook th' astonish'd world!

Alas! how oft, how oft have despots strove
To break the ties of friendship, peace and love?
To rouse our race to horrid scenes of war,
The secret bliss of peaceful realms to mar?

And man 'gainst man how oft in battle stood,
And dipp'd his poignard in a brother's blood :
To please some tyrant or ambitious court,
They the sad victims of their deadly sport ?
But scenes like these no longer shall disgrace
Nor blot the glory of our kindred race :
Columbia's triumph*, and a Capet's fall,
Shall teach true wisdom to oppressors all !
"And shall mankind, shall France, whose giant might
"Rent the dark veil, and dragg'd them forth to light,
"Heed now their threats in dying anguish toss'd,
"And she, who fell'd the monster, fear the ghost ?"

* Alluding to the American Revolution.

PIPEWELL's CRITICISM.

The following animadversions of a neighboring bard were occasioned by "THE RETROSPECT," *a poem published in* 1802, *but which by request is omitted in this work.*

From the ALBANY CENTINEL.

TO TIMOTHY SPECTACLES.

DEAR TIM, thy smart and hum'rous lays
Have brot thee fame and gain'd thee bays;
Kind Barber† can afford some pence,
To have his columns fill'd with sense.
Thou dost begin with lines heroic,
Enough to melt the heart of stoic;
But soon thou sinkest by thy weight
From measure nine to measure eight;
As turkey-cock both fat and heavy,
The clumsiest fowl in all the bevy,
From barn-gate spreads his wings and flies,
Then quickly sinks, no more to rise.
Some words thou squeez'st and some thou splitz'st,
No matter how, so that thou fit'st
The words to strike the ear with rhyme
And keep the muse full up to chime.
Thy feet are ten, or seven or nine.....
No bounds thy genius can confine.
At will thou partest "*na-ti-on*,"
And scatterest "*tax-a-ti-on*."

† Editor of the "ALBANY REGISTER."

For these no friend will blame thy head,
But only say thy *spec's* are bad.
What if some faults escape thy pen,
And thy muse limpeth now and then?
The noble thoughts so pour along,
And crow'd so close, they seem a throng,
That one would think thee born to heal
And '*puke and purge the Commonweal.*'
If you'll receive it, I advise,
To make the potion weak is wise;
Lest by its strength, or frequent use,
Of hast'ning death men thee accuse;
As mountebanks, with wond'rous skill,
Their patients send church-yards to fill,
And while they promise life, as sure
Kill ten to one for those they cure;
So may it fare, to sing in brief,
With thee and thy great mammoth chief.

In the next place, be not too nice
To take a little more advice:
Write not of "*hemp devoted head,*"
Lest some who've from their country fled,
Cheetham, Duane, and such fellows,
Whose necks had nearly felt the gallows,
Should think the satire aim'd at them,
Though to be patriots now they claim.

Not to detain thee, I'll conclude,
And when I ask don't think me rude,
Is thy last line in jest or fun?
"*The prize your god-like valor won.*"

Whom dost thou here, *dear Tim*, describe?
Dost thou not know 'tis all a gibe
On *Spencer*, *Wortman*, *Gallatin?*
(I wish they may forgive thy sin;)
Did these, and others I might name,
In field of Mars e'er gather fame?
Where were they when in contest dire
We stood against Great-Britain's ire?
When did they shew a 'god-like valor?'
When any thing, save rant and cholar?
What 'prize' has this their valor won,
Save grasp an office ev'ry one?
To guard this they 'united stand,'
A pure and democratic band;
For this no doubt they'll boldly fight,
And leave the Feds far out of sight.
Proceed, great bard, thy verse entwine—
In Barber's columns often shine;
In reformation work miracles,
And get a new pair of spectacles;
For rights of man still bounce and vapor.....
Such as the poet, such the paper.

TITUS PIPEWELL.

To TITUS PIPEWELL.

"Call Tibbald, Shakespeare, and he'll swear the nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine."

LO! from the watchful *Centinel*,
Where truth and wisdom always dwell;
Where injur'd virtue takes her stand,
And wit and mirth join hand in hand—
At last the critic bard's let loose,
With less of "*turkey-cock*" than goose!
From *four weeks*'† pain, 'midst doubts and fears,
The mountain groans, the mouse appears!

Friend Titus, why so long neglect?
Why pause so long o'er RETROSPECT?
Did manly truth at first oppose,
And hold your muse fast by the nose
So that she could not get along,
Nor sooner vent her critic song?
Or could you not Pegassus stride?
Nor sooner to Parnassus ride?
Or why so long disturb thy mind
Poetic errors there to find?
Mounted at last! the muse let loose,
With bray of ass and quack of goose,
Down at her feet falls RETOSPECT,
And thus she paints out its defect:—

† The time which elapsed between the appearance of the '*Retrospect*' and PIPEWELL's answer.

"Some words thou squeez'st and some thou splitz'st,
No matter how, so that thou fit'st."—
Enlighten'd bard! what ease of rhyme!
No matter how, "full up to chime."
From jar to jar you leap along,
Weak satire paints thy feeble song—
Till some mishap befals thy lines,
And thine own hemp thy neck entwines!
"CHEETHAM, DUANE, and such fellows,
"Whose necks have nearly felt the gallows."
Here critic pause! here count thy feet,
And own thyself a bard complete!
Thy feet are eight, *except* what's nine—
"No bounds thy genius can confine!"
Friend, stone not others as they pass,
When thy own house is built of glass;
But wall with brass your fortress round,
Yourself to save and foes confound.
Mounted on Fancy's wings you hie
To drink the spring of wisdom dry:
Perch'd on its brink, with looks supreme
You view the fount and lap the stream;
Then turning ask (in words sublime
Which far outshine a Barlow's rhyme)
"*Is thy last line in jest or fun?*"
Where hast thy muse resplendant shone?
Define the odds 'twixt '*jest*' and '*fun*,'
Then, Titus, then thy will be done!

Go, critic bard.....go, vent thy spleen
On *Spencer*, *Wortman*, *Gallatin*;

On them let loose thy flaming ire,
Then turn and thus of TIM enquire :
"When did they show a godlike valor?
"When any thing, save rant and cholar?"
As swells thy rage thy verse expands—
From eight to nine the measure stands!
First pluck the beam from thine own eye
Ere faults in others you descry ;
A critic should proceed with care,
Lest he gets caught in his own snare.

'Tis hard you was not born before,
To have outshone the bards of yore ;
A *Milton* sure would hung his head,
And *Watts* and *Pope* thy presence fled!
An *Ovid* ne'er had gather'd fame,
Nor *Peter Pindar* had a name!

That kind advice I can't refuse
Which comes from your unequal'd muse—
"*In reformation work miracles,*
"*And get a new pair of spectacles.*"
Enlighten'd muse! O, bard sublime!
What ease of verse! what flow of rhyme!
The *Whitings*† sure must give you cash
To fill their columns with such TRASH.
Your name is up—your fame is spread.....
Put out your lamps and go to bed.
You've no more need to "*bounce and vapor ;*
Discharge your muse and burn your paper.

TIMOTHY SPECTACLES.

† Editors of the "ALBANY CENTINEL."

An ACROSTIC.

THOU *Chief belov'd!* accept the humble theme
Of grateful tribute to thy honor'd name.

The Muse for thee prepares the laurel bough,
Holds civic wreaths to deck thy patriot brow:
Of chiefs and sages on the rolls of fame
Most splendid shines thy great admir'd name.
As tow'ring Catskill 'midst th' ærial strife,
Shines thy exalted character and life.

Justice thy guide, the public good thy aim;
Economy thy pride, the nation's fame:
Faithful in trust, the ornament of state;
Firm in principle as in council great:
Envied by those who would a realm enslave—
Rever'd by those who would a nation save:—
Slander in vain her thousand arrows aim
Oppression's vot'ries may assail thy fame.....
Nations applauding still will shout thy name!

The PATRIOT.

FOREVER firm, his country still his pride,
His care his hope, his happiness beside;
Unsway'd by factious visions of an hour,
He seeks alone her good, and not her power;
Pants not to ev'ry breeze which glides along,
Nor tunes his voice unto a gilded song—

Becomes a *demagogue*, a party tool,
To gain the plaudits of some vagrant fool;
Nor, as of old, to "*change with times*," and sing
One day Hosanna! next Crucify the King;
Not for an *office** sacrifice a name,
Nor basely prostitute a country's fame—
But, like a WASHINGTON, his country love,
And, like the Roman,† Rome's just cause approve.
Steadfast in principle.....faithful in trust,
Claims with ARISTIDES the name of "JUST."
He stands *the same*, amid the prosp'rous gale,
As, when forsook, the adverse storms assail:
His country calls.....he to her standard flies—
With her he triumphs, or with her he dies!

* A thing but little sought for at the present day—"*dog cheap.*"

† Cincinatus.

On the renewal of hostilities between GREAT-BRITAIN *and* FRANCE.

'TIS done! and George's hand the *declaration* seals
By which the blood of thousands yet must flow;
The scar-seam'd vet'rans draw again their steels,
To ope new scenes of misery and woe!

The din of arms and dying warriors' groans—
The cries of orphans, and the widows' moans,

Again, united, must ascend the skies,
And draw forth tears from guardian angels' eyes!

Imperious Britain! what unknown desire,
What changes new have rous'd thy vengeful ire?
On what new pretext is thy flag unfurld
To mar again the quiet of the world?
Does not the blood shed round *Mantua*'s wall,
And *Lodi's Bridge*, thy ministry appal?
Do they forget *Marengo*'s dreadful field,
Where *Austria*'s thousands were compell'd to yield?
Has *Frankfort*'s flames no terrors left behind?
Is *Quibron*'s fate now banish'd from the mind?
Or why *again* that temple now invade
Whose sacred dome the verdant olives shade?
Does not the blood shed round the shores of *Nile*,
(When flaming wrecks strew'd round *Aboukir*'s port,
Which gave to NELSON and to thee the spoil)
Satiate the vengeance of St. James's Court?
If not, command thy myriads to advance
'Gainst him who rules the destinies of France.....
Whose conq'ring steel bro't Austria's chieftain low,
And stain'd with Austrian blood the banks of Po!

Should Austria wish once more the strife to share,
And ope her portals to the hosts of war.....
Again with purple streams the *Rhine* must flow,
And *Danube*'s banks resound the tale of woe!

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

Now Britain's navies crowd the briny flood,
Which oft her tars have crimson'd with their blood:

Whose cannons rock old Neptune's shudd'ring bed,
Strew decks with slaughter and the seas with dead!
Her daughters fair, from Albion's cliffs again
Lament a father, friend, or husband slain!

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

The bounteous harvest now shall wave no more—
Uncultur'd fields refuse their annual store:
The *Arts* must slumber, *Science* hang her head,
Commerce no more in peace her banners spread:
Yes, all must perish, but the sword alone,
To prop the splendor of the British throne!
O blush, ye Heavens! for degen'rate man,
And teach our race their sacred rights to scan!
How long shall man (the image of his God)
Bend his meek neck and kiss the tyrant's rod?
How long be forc'd to hostile fields afar,
To meet his brother in the ranks of war?
"The hour is come, the world's unclosing eyes
Discerns with rapture where its wisdom lies:
From western heav'ns th' inverted orient springs,
The morn of MAN, the dreadful night of kings!"

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

COLUMBIA! shun the transatlantic broils—
Share not their mis'ries to partake their spoils:
With strict *neutrality* pursue thy way.....
Stain not in wars the glory of thy day.
Blest with the reign of liberty and peace,
Thy rising realm shall rival Rome and Greece.....
In ev'ry clime thy banners be unfurl'd,
And live the praise and envy of the world!

SORROWS *of* MOREAU.

ON Seine's fair banks reclin'd the tragic Muse,
The shades of twilight spread a solemn gloom,
And murm'ring discord through the nation rung:
The torch of anarchy was rais'd, and HE,
On whom the gods so oft have smil'd, began
To fear the "sign of coming times," when that
Dread sceptre, wrested from a nation's hand,
And with ambition sway'd, should fall,
And with it ev'ry wreath which twines his brow!
The evening star scarce gilt the ambient sky,
Scarce on their hinges clos'd the prison doors,
When MOREAU arose, and to the damp'ned walls
Made known the SORROWS of his troubled mind:—
"Was it for this the royal sceptre fell,
The mild CAPET upon the scaffold bled?
Was it for this, amid conflicting storms,
When agitated realms contending rose,
I stood my country's shield, and propp'd the sinking
glory of the state?
Ah! tell me, ye gods!....
Was it for this in foreign lands I led
Our patriot legions to the field of fame?
Was it for this I suffer'd on the Rhine?
Fought on Moselle, and on the Danube bled?
Base ingratitude!....wretched spoil!.....alas!
And have our warriors' blood in vain been shed?
Have they so long all Europe brav'd,
Her realms defy'd, and shook th' astonish'd world?

Has fate decreed the laurels we have won
Should form a wreath to deck a Cæsar's brow?
Not Lodi's victor, or Mantua's chief,
Can quench the flame which on our altars burn;
Those altars, seal'd with Gallia's noblest blood,
No vile usurper's hand shall e'er pollute!
Behold, enshrin'd in all the pomp of state,
My once compeer in arms, my former friend,
Who now, forgetful of my toils, gives unto me
Chains for a crown, a prison for a world!"

The hero spoke.....the gloomy shadows fled,
Meridian splendor shone the prison round,
"A thundering sound roll'd round the shudd'ring walls,"
Whilst clad in shining robes, and flush'd with joy,
A smiling Genius rose, and thus the chief
Address'd: Great Sire! count not thy labor lost,
Nor mourn thy present wrongs; thy arms, once dear
To liberty and fame, have not been rais'd in vain:
Those rights, the purchase of thy blood and toil,
Shall future ages bless, and whilst thy foe
Sleeps in inglorious dust, shall patriot sires,
Pointing towards thy grave, thy deeds recal,
And to their childrens' children speak thy praise,
And, smiling, say—'NEATH YONDER TOMB THE GALLIC BRUTUS LIES!

On BONAPARTE'S *being proclaimed* EMPEROR *of* FRANCE.

.....*"Is there no chosen curse,*
"No hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,
"Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
"Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?"

WHERE is that freedom once fam'd Gallia's boast?
By wiles of faction and ambition lost!
Where are those rights for which she nobly fought,
And neighb'ring realms to mean submission brought?
By storms of passions fled! no longer known!
Wild usurpation leads up to a throne!
Aw'd into silence, view a realm of slaves,
Where Cæsar's hand th' imperial sceptre waves!

Degen'rate France! why hast thy CAPET bled?
And where, alas! thy native spirit fled?
Thy temples rear'd to liberty and fame,
A ruin stand! thy altars quench their flame!
Thy patriot bands with zeal no longer glow,
On thee the wreath of conquest to bestow.
Oh! hast thy blood for twelve years flown in vain,
Thy corses strew'd the sanguinary plain,
And tortur'd Europe bled at ev'ry vein?
Was it to satiate thy young Cæsar's pride
With thy best blood Moselle and Rhine were dy'd?
Was it for *him* thy ensigns deign'd to swell
Where Brutus sleeps and god-like Cato fell?
Ah! say, was it to prop a despot's name
Illustrious KLEBER dy'd in quest of fame?

Where are those *Caps*† which late thy spires have dress'd ?
Ah, where the spark which once inflam'd each breast?
Oh ! where that *Liberty* thou once could hail ?
Invoke the gods thy crimson'd face to veil !

Great Chief can'st thou, who hast all Europe brav'd,
With conscious pride behold a realm enslav'd ?
A realm for which thou once delighted fought,
And to her temples wreaths of glory brought ?
Where's now thy oath‡, thy proclamation where ?
Come, vile usurper, thy curs'd crimes declare,
Ere vengeful Heaven's slumb'ring wrath awakes,
And thy weak throne beneath her thunder shakes :

† Since the commencement of the French revolution, the *Cap of Liberty* has been raised on all the spires of the Republic, and on the houses of each political department : the emblem remains, but where is the substance ?.....*Hung on the national gibbet !*

‡ Bonaparte, whilst commander in chief of the army in Italy, issued an address to his soldiers on the anniversary of the French revolution, (14th July) of which the following is an extract :

"Soldiers ! Government watches over the execution of its laws entrusted to its care :—The royalists will perish the very moment they make their appearance. Be without uneasiness, and let us swear by the manes of those heroes who have fallen by our sides in defence of liberty ; *let us swear under our new banners eternal war against the enemies of the Republic and of the constitution of the third year.*"

How near he has acceded to his own proclaiming his political career will best determine. By his own hands was the constitution of the third year abolished, and a new one created in its stead ; but this not suiting the ambition of the modern Cæsar, it falls a victim at the footstool of the EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

O, let for once the weak delusive dream,
Of regal pomp in fancy'd splendor gleam !
How short the triumph ! factions rise again,
And exil'd freedom claims anew her reign :
Then shun the vengeance of an injur'd race,
In humbler walks their arms or councils grace ;
Like Cincinatus worthy of their trust,
Claim with Aristides the name of "JUST :"
When worn with age, unto the tomb descend,
And ev'ry eye shall weep a nation's friend.

Happy America ! in thy blest reign
No mad usurper lifts the servile chain ;
No BONAPARTE, with vile ambition fir'd,
From slaughter rises to a throne admir'd ;
But patriot virtue 'neath her laurell'd dome
Here claims her residence and finds a home ;
Peace smiles around, and plenty clothes the land,
And joy and friendship walk forth hand in hand :
Columbia's genius in her temple waits,
To view perfection in her rising states !
Rival of Europe ! may thy realm combin'd
E'er teach the old world how to rule mankind.....
Whilst they their Bonapartes and Cæsars own,
Thou boasts a nobler name, a WASHINGTON !

On the Death of SAMUEL ADAMS.

"His nature was too noble for this world.....
"He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
"Nor Jove for his power to thunder!"
[SHAKESPEARE.]

COLUMBIA mourns! not for a chieftain slain,
Nor slaughter'd thousands on the sanguine plain:
She mourns the bold asserter of her cause,
And such a man as god-like Cato was!
See widow'd virtue and religion mourn,
And strew the cypress round his hallow'd urn!
And hear the voice† of eloquence proclaim
A nation's sorrow and the patriot's fame.

'When first Columbia strove relief to gain,'
When hostile legions throng'd his native plain;
When souls less firm fled from the gath'ring storm,
Or sought protection from the tyrant's arm,
He stood unmov'd, with patriot greatness shone,
And bade defiance to the British throne!
Upon his mind a nation's welfare hung,
And 'INDEPENDENCE thunder'd from his tongue!'
Not Gage's‡ threats could in his bosom tame
Or quench the ardor of that noble flame

† Mr. Randolph's motion in the House of Representatives on the 19th of October, 1803.

‡ The proclamation of Gen. Gage, in 1775, offering pardon to all who had rebelled against the Crown of Great-Britain, excepting John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

Which burst as though from Ætna's bosom hurl'd,
And with electric blaze illum'd the world!

Though Faction lifts her hydra head around,
Our bliss to mar, our councils to confound,
O, may she not her vile distraction spread
Unto the mansions of the honor'd dead:
May ADAMS sleep beneath the laurel's shade,
And no base feet his hallowed tomb invade!

Illustrious shade! peace to thy honor'd manes:
A brave posterity shall shield thy fame.—
Whilst freedom lives, and whilst Columbia reigns,
Shall rising millions venerate thy name.

On the Death of DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

"*When such a man falls grief is dumb, and eloquence is obliged, for a while, to muse eulogiums which it cannot express.*"

O DEATH! where is thy sting? who can withstand
Thy awful frown, thy unrelenting hand!
The Christian, Patriot, Hero, and the Sage,
Alas! alike fall victims to thy rage!

I see *Christianity* (fair maid of heav'nly birth,
Who spreads her empire o'er the realms of earth)
Now strew the cypress round her sacred floor:
Her dome resounds.....my PRIESTLEY IS NO MORE!

I see fair *Virtue* in her temple stand,
The tender olive trembling in her hand;
With tears bedew'd, she lifts her feeble head,
And sighing cries, alas! MY PRIESTLEY'S DEAD!

I see *Philosophy* gaze round her throne,
Her sculptur'd walls re-echo to her moan;
I see her altars veil'd!...her genius cries,
In PRIESTLEY's fall the friend of science dies!

I hear the *Patriot* heave his pensive sighs—
I see the tears of grief roll from his eyes!
Freedom! I see thy genius light his urn,
And o'er his manes the grateful incense burn!

Thus falls the man whom virtue did commend;
Thus falls the Christian and the Patriot's friend:
Thus falls the CHEMIST *of capacious mind:*
Thus falls the friend and lover of mankind!
Thus one by one we daily fall away,
'Till all at last the debt to nature pay.

A SHOT *from the* ROUND-TOP,

Occasioned by a certain gentleman of a neighboring village having charged the author with plagiarism.

A HUMBLE Poet of a haughty age
Is forc'd once more a critic to engage;
A critic void of fond poetic lore,
Who ne'er has fathom'd *Hippocrene* before,
Shakes from the tresses of the tender Muse
The early showers of Parnassian dews;
Untwines the wreaths which deck her smiling brow,
Unbinds her robes and lays her graces low!
Unty'd by metre let me wildly roam,
Lose want of pity and loose sight of home.....
Pay off the critic with a native rhyme,
Or plead forgiveness for my horrid crime.

GREAT CHIEF! I know I've greatly err'd,
That former bards are now preferr'd
Who've wrote a Cæsar's fame:
To *Homer*, *Ovid*, *Virgil* too,
Be everlasting praises due.....
To *Pindar*, still a name.

I swear I've never stole a verse
(Which any critic can rehearse)
From *Thompson* or *Voltaire*:
I ne'er have worn a *Cowper*'s wreath,
Inhal'd old Doctor *Darwin*'s breath,
Or copy'd *Westley*'s prayer.—

I've never troubled *Shakespeare*'s sod,
Nor took a line from *Pope*, by G—,
Unless 'twas fairly quoted :
Neither can *Della Crusca* say
I've stole *Matilda*'s verse away,
On which he so much doated.

Sam. *Butler* now may rest in peace,
And HUDIBRASS his grave may grace
Free from my innovation :
To him I'll yield what praise is due.....
He's travers'd folly's entrails through,
And blunder'd to a station !

Fam'd *Rowley* gain'd essential worth
From *Chatterton*'s ignoble birth,
And strode the wild Pegassus :
'Tis thus, perhaps, with songs of mine
Some future bard may greet the Nine,
And frolic on Parnassus.

Bards oft train'd in a country school
Have learnt to play with fools the fool,
And give to worth its merit ;
But bow to those whose venom'd breath
Breath'd but a living poet's death,
They've had to proud a spirit !

I ne'er was stuff'd with classic lore,
Nor peep'd within a College door,
(The ark of criticism)

Nor never heard, 'till this late day,
(But once before) that TIM's essay
Partook of PLAGIARISM !

I've never kiss'd a tyrant's rod,
Nor disbelievd the word of God,
As many men supposes :
I've never wrong'd a thoughtless maid,
Nor yet a gen'rous friend betray'd,
Eh-Gad ! so help me Moses.

I've never to a Gov'nor sent
So mild, polite a compliment,
So void of party slander,
As some whove walk'd the paths of fame,
And gain'd from nought a mighty name,
Like noble *Alexander !*

But this I've done, (I proudly say)
I've scorn'd the insect of a day,
A party fop, who would destroy
The little fame which bards enjoy—
Ascend a steep to them unknown,
And soar on fancy's "air built throne ;"
From views remote a subject scan—
Act out each part but that of Man !

Your worth I know, your censure claim,
To nerve my song and build my fame ;
And for those faults which you detect,
Accept the "homage of my high respect."

An ADDRESS,

Presented to the readers of the "WATERFORD GAZETTE," *January* 1, 1803.

JUST eighteen hundred years and two
Have bid this giddy world adieu
Since Christ the Lord among us came
To cure the sick and heal the lame,
Since which wonders have been wrought,
What cities storm'd, and battles fought—
Great empires rear'd, and kingdoms fell,
Of which our great historians tell:
Nor can we doubt what they have told,
When daily we ourselves behold
Like wonders in our age unfold.

Scarce had the old year rais'd her head,
When war from Europe's world had fled;
Mars pack'd his tools, and left her shore,
And Gallic thunders ceas'd to roar:
The German monarch quit the cause;—
John Bull, dejected, lick'd his paws:
The Prussian king but little said:
Old Kate's descendant scratch'd his head:
And BONAPARTE, to quiet strife,
Was willing to be *King for life!*
Call'd in the *Pope* to play a game,
And worship'd at the NOTRE DAME!
Rear'd up the cross and golden staff,
And bow'd to Baal and the calf!

At Mary's feet he prostrate falls,
For pardon to the virgin calls—
Spreads Monks and Bishops o'er the nation,
And Friars pedling out salvation!—
With *Madame Tallien* takes a jig,
And curls old AUTON's† greasy wig!
Sends out his orders to the Dey,
And quells the pride of Mustapha:
Takes in his lap the King of Spain,
And barters for his new domain—
But treats poor Holland with disdain.

Some say that Doctor *Darwin*'s dead!
And many more strange things are said:—
That *La Fayette* has quit this life,
And *Talleyrand* has taken wife!

Again o'er Europe's restless bound
Dark threat'ning clouds are gath'ring round;
The god of battle lifts his spear,
Whilst empires shake and nations fear!

In St. Domingo, as they say,
Equality has forc'd her way;
Where *Touissaint* and *Christophe*,
(Resolv'd on death or liberty)
The Lodian victors have withstood,
And drench'd their native hills with blood!
Can those who breathe fair freedom's air
Wish not *all* men the boon to share

† Talleyrand, formerly Bishop of Auton.

Whose sacred altars long have stood
Seal'd with ten thousand patriots' blood?
Can they wish those of deeper dye
Within the tyrant's chain to lie?
No!—let it sound from shore to shore
That "*Man is Man*, and who is more?"
From Afric's shore (to man's disgrace)
They've hither brought this hapless race;
For ages doom'd the lash to bear,
And slavery's galling yoke to wear;
Forc'd cruel lordlings to obey—
Branded and shot, like beasts of prey;
Till, sick of life, they all conspire,
And vengeance moves the kindled ire!

And thou, O *Guadaloupe!* must share
The sad disasters of the war!
Thy flaming towns but faintly show
A picture of thy future woe!
Each tortur'd black, whose bosom bleeds,
To nature's God for vengeance pleads—
Whose slumb'ring wrath but waits the call
On thy devoted isle to fall!

But why, O Muse! so distant roam,
When there is work enough at home,
Where faction lifts her hydra head,
And jealousy and discord spread—
Where slander moves her thousand tongues
And vile calumny strains her lungs

To blast a character so great
As his who fills THE CHAIR OF STATE!
Jim Callender (the last resort)
Who stole his fame from *Addingcourt*,
Now says the "PROSPECT" (which he wrote
To set the fed'ral ship afloat)
Was patroniz'd by Mazzei's friend,
Who did a lib'ral hand extend :—
He wears the story to a thread,
When something else popps in his head :
With crimson'd face he sounds the horn,
To tell a negro child is born—
Says the Presiding democrat
Was father of the yellow brat!
This furnish'd up a luscious mess,
A handsome story for the press :
'Twas told, and told, without belief,
And dy'd without much joy or grief.

There late has been a mighty stir
'Twixt *Cheetham*, *Wood*, and *Col. Burr:*
The hatter charges Burr with treason,
And clothes his tale with proof and reason ;
Says Burr had strove by means unfair
To gain the Presidential chair !
With patience Aaron bore the blame,
And Johnny Wood took up the game :
De Witt and *Swartwout* got at blows,
(But not with fists, you may suppose)
But arm'd with pistols they went o'er
To fight upon the Jersey shore :—

Five times they shot!—no bones were broke,
And thus the warfare dy'd in smoke!!

Last winter the *Judic'ry Bill*
Engag'd each mouth and ev'ry quill:
'Twas brought in Congress for repeal,
To benefit the commonweal.—
JUDGE BRACKENRIDGE first with it came,
(A noted chief of whiskey fame!)
And MORRIS, 'gainst a host of foes,
Stood forth the measure to oppose—
Talk'd loudly of the CONSTITUTION,
And of fed'ral dissolution;
And fain would built a wall around
The demo party to confound—
Like mighty *Ajax* stand its shield,
And with it live, or with it yield!
With eloquence maintain'd his cause,
And ended with a double "*Pause!!*"
JIM BAYARD, in a threat'ning strain,
For *seven hours* spoke in vain.
From either side the clamor rung,
And warm debate mov'd ev'ry tongue;
'Till democrats, sick of debate,
And wishing to decide its fate,
United rise, to drive from earth
The federal child of midnight birth!

To arms, loud beats the cleric drum,
TOM PAINE, the infidel, has come!

Old *Palmer*,† blinder than a bat,
Leaps forth with joy and cocks his hat:
The women scold, and fret, and bawl,
And say the gospel now must fall!
TOM grasps his pen, and to the nation
Condemns the old administration.

Lo! '*the fed'ral sun arising*,'
As some people are surmising:
The devil sure has got in men
Within the factious state of PENN!
By *thirty thousand* VOTES, and more,
M'Keene's election is secure!
In little DELAWARE, it seems,
'*The sun of fed'ralism*' beams!
And in OHIO and NEW-YORK,
Great reformation is at work!
Another year will bring about
A *fed'ral session*, there's no doubt!!

The Jersey scales in balance stand,
With equal weight in either hand;
In strange equilibrium they lay,
No Governor to feed or pay;
With new economy they rule,
And with the people play the fool!

The HUDSON people over shoes
Now tread in politics and news:

† A deistical preacher in the city of New-York.

Bob Rusticoat and Holt we see
A fighting with their "*Wasp*" and "*Bee*"—
'Gainst good and bad they turn their tails,
And Sampson weighs them in his scales!

But why, O Muse! so long delight
On crazy politics to write?
When lo! the great Millenium Day
Approachetli nigh, our prophets say;
Nor can we their predictions doubt,
That *Satan*'s time is almost out;—
If all be true they tell of late,
He has been caught in *Vermont* state,†
Try'd, condemn'd, and put in jail,
Without the liberty of bail!

TOWN RECORD.

And thou, O Waterford! forgive—
Within my verse thy praise shall live
Whilst ev'ry charm to please the mind
We in thy little circle find.
Invited by the hope of gain,
Hither the *Yankees* swarm amain—
Buy, build and sell, and make a show,
Lord! how we flourish.....how we grow!
At weekly meetings we debate
On subjects drawn from Church and State;

† Alluding to a person who, in the guise of Satan, in 1802, imposed upon many credulous persons in Vermont.

No *plagiarism*'s there suspected,
No old Magazines dissected!

Miss once a week forsakes her school
To learn, they say, to *dance by rule!*
About the floor she flirts and reels,
And beats a *hornpipe* with her heels—
Cuts capers to the music's strain,
Leads up, parts hands, and reels again:
With plumage spread, she sweeps the floor.....
To ev'ry pleasure opes the door!
And little beaus their books forsake
To act at balls the part of rake:
With soft addresses meet the fair,
And strut with many a foppish air!

But hear the sweet, celestial notes
Now warbling from a hundred throats;
Hear how the Heav'nly anthems roll
With *Fa*, *Sol*, *La*, and *La*, *Fa*, *Sol*—
See hands uplifted, beating time
To *Doctor Watts*'s Sunday rhyme!
What social bliss can we ask more?
We've funds of pleasure at each door.

The girls complain of weddings scarce,
And say this courting's all a farce:
Dear creatures! may the present year
Give unto each a husband dear:
May bachelors forsake their plan,
And wed the old-maids, if they can.

Enough of this, O fleeting Muse!
To public things extend your views:
Look from yon bank the Hudson o'er,
A pleasant walk from either shore!
The UNION BRIDGE, in stately form,
Bids bold defiance to the storm:
In diff'rent places see it cross,
Secure for waggon, man or horse—
Fast grappled to the Rens'laer shore,
See how the Vermont trade comes o'er!!!

'Twas since the flood, some time ago,
But when and where perhaps you know,
Some people met to have it known
Which street to turnpike through the town:
Each one would have it by his door—
'Twas all they wish'd, they ask'd no more;—
Self-Int'rest walk'd in, took her seat,
And bade the *public good* retreat!
At length the meeting got confounded;
With many tongues the Babel sounded:—
Finding they could not get their aim,
They went away just as they came!

But hark! the rival of Moscow,†
Shaking the earth and all below,
Most ev'ry night invites us all
On public business to the hall:

† The great bell of Moscow, (something similar to ours) weighing 443,772 lbs.

A horse has gallopp'd through the street—
The roads too bad for riding wheat;
Some one at random leaves his shoat,
And all must go to give a vote!

In peace at night we go to bed;
With joy at morn we raise our head:
A watch we need no longer keep—
The *fire* no more disturbs our sleep:
Stoves and *ovens* all inspected—
Not a *chimney* is neglected:
But if (perchance) a spark should drop
On any stable, house or shop,
We've ENGINES ready for to tame
The fury of the midnight flame.

We've *Lawyers* here to give advice
In any case, at any price;
Who deal out law as cheap as gin
In grocery store or country Inn.
Though preaching is not very rare,
We've *twenty law suits to a prayer!*

PARNASSIAN EXILE! drop thy lyre,
Hang up thy harp, in peace retire,
Lest half-brain'd critics cock their nose,
And laurell'd bards thy verse oppose.....
Lest those who've been in *Virgil* taught,
And wit from *Pindar*'s writings bought.....
Lest some who've walk'd through UNION-HALL,
Or —— against the College wall,

Should hither aim their criticism;
And charge the Muse with "PLAGIARISM"!?

To you, kind patrons of the press,
I dedicate this day's address;
And ere we part, permit me here
To wish you all a HAPPY YEAR.

EXTRACT *of an* ADDRESS

Presented to the readers of the WATERFORD GAZETTE, *January* 1, 1804.

WHICH theme invites the poet's lays,
Detraction low, or gen'rous praise?
Some genius whispers to the bard,
"Let Virtue have her full reward;"
She shall—and Vice shall have her share
This day, of what I have to spare.
It is the poet's task to please—
(An arduous task these modern days!)
But shall I in a flatt'ring strain
E'en Vice applaud, your smiles to gain?
Let not the dream delight your breast;
(The keenest razor shaves the best!)
No—truth must out, and I must here
Expose the foibles of the year,
And in a RETROSPECTIVE view
Give unto all their honest due.

First view the transatlantic shore,
Again where hostile thunders roar;
Where wild ambition lifts her head,
And waves her ensigns o'er the dead!
There Gallia's chief, with laurels crown'd,
On Bourbon's ruins now enthron'd,
Holds each surrounding realm in awe,
HIMSELF SUPREME—HIS WILL THEIR LAW!

His conq'ring bands to great Mantua known,
Whose thund'ring arms bro't hostile legions low,
Now crowd their native coast, fir'd with hope,
With vengeful hands to grasp Britannia's isle,
Her liberties destroy, and in her fall
All Europe to enslave!
O Gallia! is thy CATO *dead?*
Is there no BRUTUS *sav'd from "storms of state,"*
A patriot arm to raise, the modern Cæsar to o'er- [*throw,*
And quell ambition's lawless rage?
Shalst thou, O FRANCE! *like mighty Rome,*
Rise mistress of the world, and at thy will
The rights of nations hold?

O No!....'Tis Heaven's high decree,
"LET TYRANTS FALL, AND MAN BE FREE!"

Oh! injur'd Erin! hapless isle!
On thee the gods have ceas'd to smile:
Oppression there has took her stand—
Rebellion lifts her vengeful hand!
Fierce shrieks and dying groans arise,
And calls for vengeance pierce the skies!

How long, O Heaven! shall this race
Be held in slav'ry and disgrace?
How long to England bend the knee,
The vassals of her Majesty?
Not Britain's arm can quench the fire,
Or tame the fury of that ire
Which burns in ev'ry patriot soul,
And bids the vital current roll!
Erin! shake off thy chains, be free—
The sun of freedom dawns for thee!

Shall I sing St. Domingo's woes—
Her scenes of mis'ry here disclose?
Bring back to view her flaming towns,
Her murders, tears, and dying groans?
No, tender Muse! forbear the tale,
And kindly her misfortunes veil.

COLUMBIA, hail!.....(whilst realms afar
Sink in the horrid storms of war)
Thy genius lifts her cheering hand,
And strews the olive o'er the land;
Here *liberty* with *laws* unite,
And social pleasures yield delight;
Here *Virtue* lifts her laurell'd crown—
Here INDEPENDENCE rears her throne,
And to the will of government
Expiring faction gives assent.

The fed'ral warlike schemes have fail'd—
Pacific overtures prevail'd:

Hillhouse, *Morriss*, *Ross* and *Wright*,
Have seen their projects put to flight.....
Their pleasing dreams of regal sway
Fade like the phantom of a day!
Without the aid of fed'ral arms,
Destruction, waste and war's alarms,
We now possess that great domain
Which they have wish'd by force to gain:
The WESTERN WORLD we hail our own,
And o'er its empire rear our throne;
Inviting commerce to her shore,
Our former friendship we restore.
Hail, LOU'SIANA! welcome, hail!
May no rude foe thy shores assail:
Beneath Columbia's happy sway
May Science light thy early day;
May Industry thy charms disclose,
Till thou shalt "*blossom as the rose*"!

At CONGRESS-HALL, the seat of fame,
The Muse may look for lofty game:
There *Randolph* and his friends debate—
Gaylord and *Roger Griswold* prate;
Whilst others pass the time away
At '*ways and means*,' by *yea* or *nay*.
But, as to parties, you may guess
The fed'ral ship is in distress!
Democracy still bears the sway,
And things go on *the good old way*.

TOM PAINE has liv'd another year
Old *Palmer* and his friends to cheer,
God only knows, though, how or where.
The conque is blown! *Monsieur Jerome*,
With all his suit, have hither come,
(As goes the tale) to save his life,
To see DE WITT, and get A WIFE!

Poor *Coleman*'s cause is growing weak;
Jim Callendar has "dropp'd his peak!"
His good old friend and partner, PAGE,
In Richmond goal, supplies his place!

That insect vile of fœted breath,
The Hudson "WASP," now sleeps in death!
And *Harry*† stands before the court
To answer his libellious sport.
Although the law this press restrains,
A little remnant yet remains;
Still *Gardinier*‡ employs his pen
To blast the characters of men.
Whose virtues far eclipse his name,
And fill the brightest page of fame.
And *Lansingburgh* has had her share
Of scurrilous news-paper war;
There billingsgate has spent its rage
Without regard to sex or age!

† Harry Croswell, editor of the "*Wasp*."

‡ A pettifogger of Dutchess county, and writer for the "*Wasp*."

O WATERFORD! accept my lays,
For thee I wake the song of praise!
With thee, what social scenes invite!
What friendships rare! what pure delight!
O! what varying charms appear!
The gods might seek their banquet here!

Who has Election times forgot;
The party strife, and God knows what;
Intriguing tales, informers, spies,
Whole nights run out in spreading lies—
Expresses sent from town to town,
To bear distinguish'd merit down?

Our schools have had an overhaul:
The teacher's turn'd from MOSCOW-HALL,
Because the students swore too much,
And curs'd the Lord in vulgar Dutch!
But now our children swear no more—
Religion kneels at ev'ry door;
And, blest with fond, parental care,
The *Sabbath day* is spent in pray'r!

Why do we now no more debate?
Has lit'rature grown out of date?
Why is that institution† crush'd?
Ye learned men, stand you unblush'd?

† The "WATERFORD LITERARY SOCIETY," on the ruins of which the *Law Association* was established.

O, why forsake this great design,
And bow yourselves at Folly's shrine—
Let ev'ry vice your minds employ—
Exchange the diamond for the toy ?
But one comes up, and one goes down.....
Another market's rais'd in town ;
And all the streams of information
Pour to the "LAW ASSOCIATION"!

Ye virtuous fair ! this day for you
I yield the annual tribute due
To social worth :.....long may you prove
The monuments of faithful love ;
May conscious virtue shield each breast,
And no *Coquette* your round infest :
Accept the homage of the bard,
Who in your smiles seeks his reward !

T

On the Death of a Favorite Dog.

O Cold is the bosom where friendship once dwelt,
My Pluto, alas! is no more!
My woes were his own, my misfortunes he felt,
And guarded at evening my door.
Now he sleeps on the green, where the young willows wave,
And the village curs howl as they pass by his grave.

When the shades of the night o'er the hamlet were spread,
And the Knight-errant track'd the cold dew,
No visions of fear ever haunted my bed;
I knew that my Pluto was true.—
He would start at each noise, ev'ry footstep would hear,
And his shrill voice awaken'd when danger was near.

But O how delighted each morning was he
At the door his poor master to meet;
Was I pleas'd, he would frolic and join in the glee,
If sad, he would whine at my feet.
He was kind and submissive, he'd seek my control,
And e'er catch from my eyes all the flood of my soul!

If I walk'd, he delighted before me would run,
And chace the wild flocks o'er the lea;
Oft turning and barking, would welcome me on,
For proud of his duty was he.
But he cheers me no longer, his spirit has fled—
Now he sleeps on the green 'neath the young willow's shade!

We all have our foibles, and PLUTO had his,
He fain would caught birds in the air :
Thus mortals oft grasp at some object of bliss,
But foil'd, they sink down in despair !
If my PLUTO was vain, yet his heart was sincere ;
Ah ! that friendship he bore which in man don't appear !

E'en faithful in death as he lay on the ground,
With love and with gratitude fir'd,
In *me* he forgot all the pain of his wound,
And licking my hand he expir'd !
A tear to his mem'ry !.....At each May-day's return
May the birds of the Spring chaunt his dirge through the morn !

Patriotic Songs.

The LAMENTATION *of* KINGS.

[A MEDLEY.....WRITTEN IN 1799.]

THE Danube's wide surges, which Germany laves,
Had long drench'd its shores with the blood of her slaves,
When *Frank* ask'd the monarchs of Europe to dine,
And seated they were on the banks of the Rhine :
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

John Bull, (an old monarch) was call'd to the chair,
Who talk'd of *high church*, and seem'd wishing a prayer ;
But *Frank*, it appears, had a very good voice,
And, fond of *diversion*, made *singing* his choice.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

'Though *Bacchus* had cheer'd them with goblets of wine,
Yet *Mars* wav'd his ensigns of blood o'er the Rhine :
A tremour had seiz'd them ; but Francis was young,
And to honor his banquet he gave them this song :
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

[Tune.....*Banks of the Dee.*]

All grief is my soul when I gaze around me
And view the great conquests which Gallia has made!
Her arms are victorious, her councils confound me—
Her armies again my dominions invade!
Come, Monarch of Russia, and join the co'lition,
Come crush down the turbulent sons of sedition;
View our sad state, our wretched condition—
The scorn of all nations, the victims of France!

With a sigh and a groan he sat himself down,
When the Emp'ror of Russia arose with a frown,
And talk'd loud of war, poor devil, for then
Old Caty, his mother, was shut in her den!†
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

[Tune.....*Rose Tree.*]

Old Caty reigns no longer,
I all Russia now command;
The French shall feel my power,
And bow unto my conq'ring band:
By Turks no more annoyed,
As friends with us they now agree:
Poor Poland is destroyed,
Lost with all her liberty!

† Catherine, late Emperor of Russia, was known by the name of "The Russian Bear."

John Bull, who had drank of the liquor too deep,
Now lay at a distance and nearly asleep,
But wak'd by the noise, came stagg'ring along,
And, rubbing his optics, he gave them this song:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

KING OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

[Tune.....*Rule Britannia.*]

When France indignant rais'd her head,
Resolv'd to perish or be free,
I rais'd my banners, I then my banners spread,
To chain her down in slavery!
Oh! Britannia, Britannia is undone!
Curs'd be the day the war begun!

O'erwhelm'd in debt and sunk in woe,
And dark despair around me spread;
Whilst *Erin* strikes, she strikes the deadly blow,
Which sinks my guilty soul with dread!
Oh! Britannia, Britannia is undone!
Curs'd be the day the war begun!

Then Prussia's king rose, for they took it in course,
But 'his Majesty's cold made his Majesty hoarse;'
And gazing around him, 'twixt hope and despair,
He rais'd his old wig and then whistled this air:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

"Oh dear! what can the matter be?"

The poor king of Naples, as faint and as pale
As Jonah of old when he crawl'd from the whale,
In the rear rais'd his voice with a pitiful moan,
And whin'd like a whelp for the loss of his crown.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

KING OF NAPLES.

[Tune.....*Done Over Tailor.*]

I once was a monarch who dream'd of no danger,
To war and misfortunes had long been a stranger;
But fortune has frown'd, e'en hope's gone forever,
And I a poor monarch am fairly done over!
Done over, done over O!

The French were advancing, and I fled before them,
Oblig'd to seek refuge on some distant shore then—
Sail'd off for Palermo.....wan't I a great rover?
My nation subjected, and I was done over,
Done over, done over O!

WASHINGTON COMMANDS.

Written in 1798, *on Washington's accepting again the command of our armies.*

[Tune....."*Lass of Richmond Hill.*"

HAIL! victorious Freedom, hail!
Thy flame illumes the world:
Thy reign shall last, thy cause prevail,
Whilst despots down are hurl'd.
Fill high the glass,
And let it pass;
Let Freedom's health go round:—
From pole to pole
Her thunders roll,
And god-like voice resounds.

Cheer, cheer Columbia, ne'er dismay.....
Thou queen of glory, rise!
Though pirates on thy commerce prey,
To arms, thy Hero cries!
He now commands
Thy patriot bands,
With terror ne'er dismay'd—
But with delight
Defends each right:—
Can Freemen be afraid?

Sound, sound the trump, the chief appears ;
'Tis WASHINGTON COMMANDS !
He comes to soothe Columbia's fears,
And lead her patriot bands.
Now with huzzas
And loud applause
Sound, sound aloud his fame !
At his command
We ready stand
To take the field again.

Now let bold Freedom raise her voice,
By tyrants undismay'd ;
May all the world with us rejoice
To see her flag display'd.
Independent we
Will ever be :
Let haughty Europe see,
That whilst with gore
They drench each shore,
AMERICA IS FREE !

JEFFERSON AND LIBERTY.

Written in 1800, *previous to the Presidential Election.*

[Tune....."*To Anacreon in Heaven.*"

YE sons of Columbia, who cherish the prize
Which the arms of your sires so valiantly gain'd,
Like the sun unobscur'd, may your glory arise,
And your liberties flourish forever unstain'd:
Whilst Mars, clad in gore,
Bids the far thunders roar,
May freedom and peace bless your own native shore.
And ne'er may the sons of Columbia be slaves
Whilst the earth bears its plants or the sea rolls its waves.

By art more than arms our foes have long try'd
To lead the brave sons of Columbia in slavery;
Their force we've withstood and their power defy'd,
And repuls'd their attacks with republican brav'ry!
Tho' our internal foes
Our freedom oppose,
Our firmness and zeal to the universe shows,
That ne'er will the sons, &c.

The agents of Britain, like fiends in disguise,
Have kindled the fire of faction around us;

Yet, unaw'd by the flame, we united arise
To pull down the Babel which strove to confound us.
All intrigue is vain,
We'll united remain,
Our rights and our liberties ever maintain!
For ne'er will the sons, &c.

Calumny and falsehood in vain raise their voice
To blast the *Vice-President*'s fair reputation;
But JEFFERSON still is America's choice,
And he will her liberties guard from invasion!
'Tis the wretches who wait
To unite *Church* and *State*,
Who the names of *Munroe* and a *Jefferson* hate.
But ne'er will the sons, &c..

Cloak'd up in religion, they've nothing to fear—
Intrigue there may triumph, and vice be defended:
How true to their God and their cause they appear,
Whilst destroying that freedom for which we contended!
Like the serpent of old,
(Array'd in fine gold)
The arrows of death and destruction they hold!
But ne'er will the sons, &c.

At Freedom's fair temple see JEFFERSON stand,
Firm and unmov'd by the thunder of faction!
Let all true Americans join heart and hand
To aid, to promote and support his election:

His much envy'd name
And his virtues and fame
In glorious strains to the world we'll proclaim.
But ne'er will the sons, &c.

Remember *Election* is liberty's base,
By which noble charter our freedom we cherish;
At the helm of the nation then JEFFERSON place,
That our free constitution and rights ne'er may perish.
Still America's pride
In her cause has been try'd,
And HE in her councils was born to *Preside*—
That ne'er may the sons of Columbia be slaves,
Whilst the earth bears its plants or the sea rolls its waves!

V

ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

Written for the 22d of February, 1800.

[Tune....*"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise !"*

COLUMBIA, Columbia, thou most favor'd clime,
By heaven protected and nourish'd through time,
Still bless'd with mild peace, whilst the nations afar
Are feasting on carnage and crowding to war.
Here virtue, and wisdom, and pleasures expand,
And knowledge diffuses its light o'er the land ;
Whose flame unextinguish'd thro' ages shall shine,
Whilst freedom, bless'd freedom, Columbia is thine !

A plant from the gardens of Rome and of Greece,
To thee was entrusted to nourish in peace :
By the care of our sires its branches spread o'er,
And, boldly defended, o'ershaded our shore ;
But soon the mad tyrant his legions sent o'er,
His laws to enforce on our once happy shore ;
Our patriots rose, their standards unfurl'd.....
Proclaim'd *Independence* to this western world !

On each lofty mountain, and in each lone vale,
The bones of our warriors still whiten the soil ;
On each rounded summit our monuments tell
Where some mighty hero for liberty fell.

'Twas early in battle great WARREN was slain—
MONTGOM'RY and MERCER each bled on the plain;
All seal'd with their blood the immortal decree
That "*Columbia was one, independent and free!*"

How oft, when the flame of fierce battle was spread
Columbia has mourn'd o'er the mountains of dead—
Has lamented the loss of some favorite chief,
Whilst despots and tyrants triumph'd in her grief!
She now for her WASHINGTON makes her sad moan,
Who to the armies of Heaven has gone,
To join the grand triumph on that peaceful shore
Where troubles expire and danger's no more.

See the deep mourning, and hear the loud sighs,
Which from our nation united arise!
All joy has expir'd, all transport has fled—
All nature seems mourning a WASHINGTON dead!
See sacred altars with black shrouded o'er!
See the rich laurels now droop round our shore;
The eagle in silence sit hov'ring his URN,
And incense on altars of gratitude burn!

In vain we may search all the universe round,
The like of our WASHINGTON ne'er will be found:
Stars still appear when the moon hides her head,
But who can be plac'd in a WASHINGTON'S stead?
Let the glory of *Cæsar* and *Brutus* decay,
The fame of a *Hampden* and *Tell* fade away;
Still firm as creation stands WASHINGTON'S fame,
And age after age shall his glory proclaim!

Come forward, ye soldiers who fought by his side ;
Come, heroes who've conquer'd where heroes have died :
Come, tell to your children the deeds he has done,
As a patriot and warrior how greatly he shone.
United we'll go to the tomb of our chief,
In solemn procession, and pour out our grief ;
And chaunt songs of praise to WASHINGTON's name,
Who led us in triumph to freedom and fame.

WRITTEN FOR AND SUNG ON THE FOURTH OF MARCH, 1801.

[Tune.....*President's March.*]

REJOICE, Americans, rejoice ;
Hail JEFFERSON, the Peoples' choice :—
The patriot fam'd, the sage renown'd,
The patriot fam'd, the sage renown'd,
The man in days of danger try'd,
The chosen statesman to preside,
Who now commands a nation bless'd,
The great Republic of the West,
Whose wide domain with joy we see
Arising happy, great and free.
Firm united let us be
To preserve our liberty ;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Each patriot's breast with joy expands,
Well pleas'd with him who now commands—
Columbia's glory and her pride,
Columbia's glory and her pride,
The great philosopher sublime,
The friend to man of ev'ry clime—
Virtue's shield and freedom's boast.....
Dread of tyrants and their host;
Belov'd by all who're just and free,
By all the friends to liberty!
Firm united let us be, &c.

From realm to realm resounds his fame;
With *Independence* lives his name!
His pen the noble charter drew,
His pen the noble charter drew;
His virtue will the same protect,
And all its subtle foes detect.
Our Constitution, just and free,
Cherish'd by his care will be;
Sacred held, without a stain,
From age to age may it remain.
Firm united let us be, &c.

Republicans! on you has fell
The arduous task to govern well:
Let no base act your cause disgrace—
Let no base act your cause disgrace—
Convince the world and freedom's foes
You're not the wretches they suppose:

Shew that in prosperity
You still can rule with modesty,
With virtue, justice, and with fame,
The people's happiness your aim.
Firm united let us be
To preserve our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

The IDES *of* MARCH.

[WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF MARCH, 1803.]

REPUBLICANS, salute the morning
Usher'd by a nation's voice—
Freedom's Sun's again a dawning.....
Thousands on this day rejoice!
Vive la the Constitution,
Jefferson and Liberty:
Freedom's temple from pollution
Now shall flourish great and free!

Lo! the reign of terror vanquish'd;
Jefferson assumes the sway!
Gags and dang'rous systems banish'd—
Sons of Freedom, hail the day!
Vive la, &c.

Error is dispell'd by reason,
And the fed'ral sun descends :
Those who triumph'd for a season
Yield the sway to freedom's friends.
Vive la, &c.

Delusion to her hell retires,
Lifts no more her hated head :
The flame of old each bosom fires—
Foes to freedom sink with dread !
Vive la, &c.

PLENTY smiles throughout the nation.....
God-like PEACE pervades the land ;
VIRTUE has resum'd her station—
JUSTICE lifts aloft her hand.
Vive la, &c.

Sycophants who cring'd for favor
Loud complain, their day is o'er :
On our fields, enrich'd by labor,
Standing armies reign no more !
Vive la, &c.

Money is no more expended
To support a useless band ;
The day of fed'ral folly's ended—
Millions sav'd unto our land.
Vive la, &c.

The nation's ship, by wisdom guided,
Safely rides upon the waves:
Faction's storm, though not subsided,
Never shall the bark enslave.
Vive la, &c.

Hail! the new Administration!
FOURTH OF MARCH.....*auspicious day!*
Which, to save Columbia's nation,
Gave to JEFFRSON the sway!
Vive la, &c.

For the FOURTH *of* JULY.

[Tune....."*Rule Britannia*"

ONCE more we celebrate the day
Which gave to Independence birth,
Which fix'd Columbia's, Columbia's happy sway,
And rais'd her with the realms of earth!
When Columbia's, Columbia's flag unfurl'd,
And cheer'd with joy the waking world!

The dawn of reason then began,
From western heavens rose the sun,
And broke the morn, the joyful morn of man,

Whilst thus with joy the Muses sung—
"Hail Columbia! Columbia hail! to thee
The praise is due that man is free!

High on the rolls of fame shall stand
The chiefs of that eventful day,
Who rose to save, to save their native land
From tyrants and their lawless sway.
Hail! immortal, immortal patriots hail!
Peace, Independence, Freedom, hail!

In boundless strains this day proclaim,
The praises of a WASHINGTON:
Whilst virtue lives shall live his much lov'd name,
And freedom long his worth shall own.
O may the laurel, the laurel ever bloom
Where patriot virtue claims a home.

And JEFFERSON's thrice glorious name
This day shall dwell on ev'ry tongue;
And with other, with other chiefs of fame,
The praise of ADAMS still be sung.
Hail! immortal, immortal patriots hail!
Peace, Independence, Freedom, hail!

Hail! sacred *Peace*, in whose mild reign
Columbia rises great and free,
Whilst distant realms, whilst distant realms sustain
The storm of war and misery!
This day, Columbia—this day Columbia's thine—
Hail liberty and peace divine!

No hostile band their banners spread
Upon our peaceful, happy shore;
No more our fields, our fields are strew'd with dead,
Or drench'd with floods of human gore!
No more our chiefs or heroes, wrapt'd in gore,
Expire on their native shore!

Sound to the world Columbia's fame:
Ye nations lend a joyful ear—
'Tis glory sounds—which sounds her godlike name
From pole to pole, from sphere to sphere!
And may she flourish, still flourish great and free,
The land of peace and liberty!

For the FOURTH *of* JULY.

Written for and sung at the celebration of American Independence, July 4, 1803, at Waterford and Saratoga.

[Tune....*"To Anacreon in Heaven."*

BRAVE sons of Columbia, your triumph behold!
The purchase of blood for the welfare of ages!
On the archives of fame, in rich letters of gold,
Are inscrib'd the exploits of your heroes and sages,
Who seal'd the decree
That Columbia should be
One, independent, united and free!
Who rais'd this republic, which long shall endure,
And stand like the pillars of Heaven secure!

Too long had mankind borne the yoke and the chain,
And bow'd to the mandates of monarchial power;
When Columbia arose to establish the reign
Of freedom and justice on her native shore:
Hail! auspicious day!
Which gave her the sway,
And bade *Independence* her standard display!
Long may this republic unshaken endure, &c.

Let viols of joy and shrill clarions sound,
Our cannons' loud thunder be heard thro' the nation,
May harmony, friendship and union abound,
And freemen unite in this day's celebration.
From Georgia to Maine
Shall be heard the glad strain,
Each heart beat with rapture, joy smile on each plain.
Hail, happy republic! long shalst thou endure, &c.

A flame from our altars is spreading abroad,
Whose rays light the world, and the nations admire!
The slave on whose head the proud despot has trod,
In his breast feels enkindling the patriot fire!
O'er the Alps it ascends,
To all regions extends,
And where it enkindles, mankind become friends.
Hail, happy republic! long shalt thou endure, &c.

The olive of peace with the laurel entwine
The temple of freedom this day to adorn,

On whose walls shall the names of our heroes e'er shine,
Whilst despots and traitors are banish'd with scorn!
The eagle shall rise,
Like a cloud, to the skies,
And guard with her talons the glorious prize!
That this fair republic with time may endure, &c.

To the manes of our heroes in battle who fell
We'll chaunt songs of praise at this day's celebration:
Of *Warren*, *Montgom'ry* and *Mercer* we'll tell,
Who bled for the freedom and rights of our nation.
Great *Washington*'s name
To the world we'll proclaim,
And sing *Adams' Hancock's* and *Jefferson's* fame,
Who rais'd this republic which long shall endure, &c.

As ages on ages are rolling away,
The boon we'll transmit to our worthy descendants,
Who, faithful to freedom, shall hail the great day
When their ancestors gave to their realm *Independence!*
May the God we adore
With his arm shield our shore,
'Till earth sinks in chaos, and time is no more!
And this fair Republic unshaken endure,
And stand like the pillars of Heaven secure!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

An ORATION,

Delivered at Waterford on the 4th of July, 1804, before an assemblage of Mechanics.

BRETHREN, AND
FELLOW-CITIZENS,

THIS Jubilee, big with national events, inspires each breast with devotion to that Almighty Being by whose omniscient will we have shaken the thrones of tyrants, and unfurled the banners of freedom in this western world.

Too long had Kings, "considering themselves God's vicegerents here below," trampled on the rights of their subjects, and viewed them as their beasts of burden: *Religion*, fair daughter of Heaven! which was designed by the wise Creator to temper the souls of men, and lead them to virtue, peace and happiness, had become the scourge of our race, a flaming steel in the hands of ambitious courtiers: *Persecution* had led her minions forth and walked her varied round, when indignant at their sufferings, and fired with the love of freedom, our brave ancestors braved the perils of the Atlantic wave, and sought an assylum on this thrice happy shore, then

inhabited alone by beasts of the forests and uncivilized savages. Let the pen of the historian speak the toils and the glory of our sires, and future ages tell the worth of their ancestors.

COULD it be expected that the descendants of this hardy race, who had fled from the tyranny of the old world, who had braved the dangers of the seas, who had made bare their arm to dress with every luxury this modern Eden, could be bound by those chains which the hands of despots had linked together?—Such might have been the expectation of the British Cabinet, but America had become too strong for subjugation; she had now grown to manhood, and with gigantic might burst the fetters of slavery, and *on this auspicious day proclaimed to the world her deliverance!*

THE stigma of *cowardice* had long branded the character of our nation; the court of St. James had pronounced it; but it was left for a day of great events to contradict the assertion. The earliest hour of our revolution established the glory of the American name!.....to this let the plains of *Lexington* testify; to this let the heights of *Boston* bear witness, which was sealed with the blood of the immortal WARREN. Although he died not in the sight of victory, yet "he has taught the sons of freedom in America, that the laurel may be engrafted upon the cypress, and that true glory may be acquired not only in the arms of victory, but in the arms of death!" Whilst we strive to imitate the virtues of this great man, let us also appreciate the worth of the illustrious MONTGOMERY, who, altho' unarrayed with the wreath of conquest, perished in the arms of liberty and glory!—Where is the fort which has not been encrimsoned with the blood of our heroes? Where is the field which is not whitened with the bones of our warriors? *Jersey* has seen a MERCER fall; *Cambden* has viewed the invincible DE KALBE, gored with wounds, leading on our hosts to battle, and imprinting his foot-steps with his blood! Let *Eutaw* speak

the praises of a GREENE, and *York*'s dread fields tell to the world the triumph of our arms and the glory of a WASHINGTON!

LET the trump of fame this day be sounded to the world; let the praise of our heroes dwell on each patriot's tongue, and tears of gratitude bedew the graves of our warriors who fell in defence of liberty, and in opposing the mandates of despotic power, leaving none for their eulogists but their surviving comrades, none to lament them but their wretched widows and distressed children, with whom they had often shared the spoils of conquest or the scanty pittance of a soldier's pay, and clasped to their bosom with endearing affection.

How resplendent shines the laurel of victory when entwined with the olive of peace! These, ye citizens of America! are the purchase of your toils and sufferings; and long may they shade those temples which the blood of thousands have consecrated to freedom!

"THAT spark of liberty which was enkindled on the American altar, has crossed the wide Atlantic, and now blazes in the palaces of despots!" It has ascended the Alps, and the Papal throne is shaken to its base! The mists of error and superstition are passing away, and regenerated man begins to feel the dignity of his nature! Where once the royal sceptre waved, the throne a ruin stands! The cap of liberty is raised, but the substance of liberty has evaporated in the shades of credulity!

The warriors of France, rocked in the cradle of the American revolution, carried with them to their native land the electric fire, which since enkindled round a CAPET's throne, has, in its conflagration, extinguished the last remains of the family of BOURBON!

IN the revolution of France, the expectations of nations were raised, and the vassals of Europe viewed with glowing joy the hour of their emancipation.

This revolution, great in its origin, and terrible in its career, has disappointed the votaries of freedom in all quarters of the globe. They promised in their outset to overthrow the tyrant's of Europe, and give liberty to the world : Instead of this, not a tyrant has fallen ; and nations which once enjoyed a spark of the celestial fire, are stripped of their glory and forced to bend to the will of their conqueror ! Shall we search the annals of Rome to behold the vices of a Cæsar ? No !.....the picture is before us, and shall teach future ages how to place their destinies in the hands of an aspiring chief.

ALTHOUGH the revolution in France has not given universal liberty, it has torn the bandage from the eyes of MAN, and prepared the way for his future deliverance. Whilst we shed a tear over the misfortunes of this devoted Republic, let us with brotherly love draw the veil of pity over her crimes.—Governments, like men, are subject to passions ; and passions often lead to those mischiefs which we in our sober hours contemplate with horror.—Such has been the fatality of the courts of Europe, who, buoyed by their dignity, have drenched kingdoms with blood, fired realms, and destroyed the lives of millions ! There the hand of the artisan is palsied—science slumbers, agriculture (no longer dressed with the beauties of nature) hangs her sickly head ; and where the bounteous harvest once has waved a forest now of pikes appear !

WHEN we contrast the miseries of tho old world with the rising glory and prosperity of the new :—when we behold the political dangers we have avoided—when we view the extension of empire adding vigor to national power, and feel the blessings of civil and religious liberty, may we not emphatically exclaim, *On this day we have reason to rejoice ?—yes, on this day* WE WILL REJOICE ; that, freed from the house of bondage, we live in possession of every right essential to the happiness of a nation ! Here have we blushed the faces of kings and tyrants, who

have asserted that good order could not be maintained under a republican government.

PARTY-SPIRIT, although considered dangerous to the welfare of a nation, has, like other vices, some favorable tendencies: it keeps the eyes of the people fixed on those whom they place in power, and awakens each citizen to a sense of his duty, and thereby places the reins of government in the hands of men who feel themselves to be the servants and not the masters of those whom they represent.

WHILST the ghosts of the ancient republics stalk before us, let us learn wisdom by their misfortunes, and guard against the encroachment of power and the wiles of aspiring demagogues, who, like a Judas, for an office or a piece of gold would trample on the liberties of their country.

LET education, let useful information be diffused to all classes of citizens: let the youth of America be trained to the arts and sciences, and thereby cherish by their genius the glory of that name, which the arms of their sires have rendered immortal.—Already have admiring realms paid of eulogium due to our national character: But since we have gained the applause of realms, let us, by our virtue, genius and industry, court the smiles of the world.

IF, in a retrospective view, we behold the untutored savage roam the flowery heath, or climb the shrubby height in pursuit of game.....the earth uncultured lie a dreary waste—what emotions of joy *this day* should thrill in our breasts, enlivened by the prospect before us. Hail, happy civilization! which has softened the savage soul, which has brought society to human perfection, and caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose! On plains where once the wigwam stood, where humble *Cheeki* smoaked his pipe of peace, proud spires ascend and walls of science rise! From the shades of our forests have lofty cities risen, and on the mountain's brow now busy towns are seen! The sreams which once unnoticed roll'd their floods are now swelled with com-

merce, and the ports of the world lie open to our trade!—*Ceres* fills the horn of *plenty*, and *Neptune*, proud of his labor, wafts to every clime the banners of our nation! The arts and sciences are cherished, and Europe, with admiration and envy, views the rapid progress of American genius! Our government, admired at home and respected abroad, wakes in the breast of the citizen all the fire of the soldier, and nerves his arm in its defence! Freed from despotic slavery, blessed with liberty and peace, our nation stands

> "*With hearts resolv'd and hands prepar'd,*
> *The blessings they enjoy to guard.*"

RAISED by the swelling scene, glowing with the patriotic fire which beams on every countenance, suffer me, Fellow-Citizens, to congratulate you on the *Twenty-Eighth anniversary of American Independence!*.....Let this day be held sacred to the remotest age; let fathers tell their children the price it has cost, and let *them*, with their dying breath, charge *their* children and their childrens' children, to maintain unsullied their country's glory, peace, happiness and prosperity.

MECHANICAL BRETHREN.....

ON this day it is our *duty* to rejoice! It is a duty we owe our country, and proud of the obligation, we will celebrate it to the glory of our nation and with honor to our order. Raised from the degraded situation of the mechanics of Europe, we enjoy every right of citizenship, and every blessing arising from the glorious Revolution of SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SIX! Here the laborer feels himself worthy of his hire, and 'the mouth of labor receives the bread it has earned.' If those in a higher station view this day as unworthy of their festivity, let them lay aside their pretended patriotism, and boast no more of the love of country.

Brethren, may you never be ashamed of your professions, but by your industry and genius add honor to the mechanical arts of America. But should that hour arrive, which God forbid, that your arms should be required in defence of your country, may you, like your ancestors, brave the tempest, and render yourselves worthy of the American name.

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